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A VAIN APPEAL

On March 6 last there was distributed among Americans in Mexico City a circular signed by the Brazilian Minister to Mexico stating that he was instructed by Secretary Bryan "to remind them of the President's advice to Americans to leave Mexico until conditions become settled." Thereupon a meeting of Americans citizens was held, a committee appointed, and a full statement was sent to Mr. Bryan by cablegram showing the terror and demoralization in Mexico City and the impossibility of following the advice to flee, and asking that the message be given to the press as the only way of getting the facts before friends and relatives. Mr. Bryan refused to do this; but recently the cablegram and later ones have been printed in the New York "Herald." The correspondence forms an instructive corollary to Mr. Caspar Whitney's article on "The Plight of Americans" elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook.

Our American fellow-citizens in these appeals, among other things, declared:

Thousands of Americans and other foreigners scattered throughout the country find it quite impossible to leave their all or to abandon positions of trust in charge of business or property of owners in the United States and elsewhere. Duty compels them to remain.

The Mexican political situation is more chaotic and helpless than ever. The foreigners of other nationalities, our neighbors and friends, are now asking what course is open for them if conditions are such as to render it necessary for Americans to leave, and they look to Americans for counsel. . . .

We are engaged in lawful and useful occupations. We respectfully ask from our Government effective guaranties of those rights and no more. . . .

If the foreigners should leave *en masse*, it would be to repeat the late sad experience of the Belgians. With many it means to leave behind the savings and other interests of a lifetime and to arrive in the United States or Europe virtually as charges upon public or friends. . . .

The great majority of the fifteen millions of Mexican people, unarmed and generally passive, are victims of violent deeds committed under the guise of revolution, and are praying for an end to the reign of disorder, bloodshed, rapine, and destruction into which the Madero revolution has degenerated.

The reply received from Mr. Bryan was a brief expression of sympathy, another reiteration of advice to leave Mexico, and a statement that Carranza joined in this advice, but had promised to do what he could to protect life and property. The committee of Americans, in a second message of remonstrance and appeal, included as an ironic comment on Carranza's promises the following list of things "done or decreed" by Carranza after he gained control of Mexico City:

The arbitrary taking from Mexicans and foreigners of property, including houses, horses, automobiles, carriages, furniture, money, and crops; the issuing of decrees so in contravention of right, fairness, and justice as to be almost incredible; the deliberate, persistent, and ill-concealed attempt to starve a city of 500,000 inhabitants, depriving them of water, fuel, and transportation; the shipping of defenseless women in locked cattle cars to Vera Cruz; the carrying away of the controllers of electric street cars, thus paralyzing transit; the closing of the courts and schools; the holding of priests for ransom; the arrest and detention of three hundred business men who had assembled at the request of the general in charge of the city; the persecution of Spaniards; the suppression of the mails and the violation of sealed correspondence, both foreign and domestic; the removal of public archives and the stripping of public buildings; the open invitation to riot and loot; the sacking of churches and desecration of images; the killing of men and the outraging of women, are events too recent and well known to permit of their being overlooked in forming judgment. The wantonness of such acts renders it impossible to accept the professions of these factionists or their counsels as to the course to be pursued by foreigners.

Finally the committee adds: "Mexico is drifting toward total destruction, from which

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a mistaken altruism is powerless to save it. The present struggle does not represent the efforts of a people to secure liberty and civil rights so much as a clash of personal ambition and revenge."

No wonder that Secretary Bryan again found it inexpedient to comply with a second request to give the appeals to American readers. The less Americans here know how Americans in Mexico feel and fear, the less dissatisfaction will exist about the lack of aid and sympathy from our Government to its citizens in distress.

THE WALSH-ROCKEFELLER CONTROVERSY

Whatever chance there was that the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations would prove useful in helping to solve the acute industrial questions of the present seems to be disappearing. There has been plenty of heat in the industrial situation. What is needed is light. Chairman Walsh, of the Commission, has been contributing very little light and a great deal of heat. The investigations which he has conducted have been marked by a spirit of controversy rather than by a spirit of research. His most recent achievement has been to engage in a more or less personal controversy with John D. Rockefeller, Jr. This controversy has to do with the Colorado strike. Mr. Walsh, in effect, charges that Mr. Rockefeller, contrary to his own testimony, exerted a direct influence in resisting the demands of the strikers and attempted to influence the policy of the State of Colorado by dictating letters that were to go out from the Governor of Colorado to the President of the United States and others. He publishes documents that he declares support his view. Mr. Rockefeller denies the charge and says that the documents, so far from supporting the view, controvert it.

Whether Mr. Walsh is correct or not in his opinions is of minor consideration. What is of first importance is the fact that by his course he is fast destroying any possibility that the Commission of which he is Chairman will serve the purpose for which it was created. It was not created in order to be an indicting and prosecuting body. There is already too much of the spirit of accusation and controversy in industry. Indeed, the industrial system of modern times has been largely a system of war. Labor organizations and capitalistic organizations have engaged in struggle after struggle, which has involved the employment of violence and the shedding of blood. Which side has been right and which wrong in any particular controversy is not the chief question to be settled, but, rather, what means can be taken to put industry on a basis of peace and cooperation, instead of on a basis of war. This involves the gathering and compilation of facts in a spirit of free and judicial inquiry. Anything which injects into such inquiry the war spirit will defeat the very end to which that inquiry is directed.

In the belief that the only agency to carry on such an investigation is the Federal Government, a number of men urged the creation of the Federal Industrial Commission. If the personnel of that Commission had been of the right sort, it could have contributed enormously toward the solution of the industrial problem. President Taft's appointees to that Commission were so unsatisfactory that the Senate failed to confirm them. President Wilson had the opportunity then to create a great Commission. When the appointments he had made were announced, however, they evoked little enthusiasm from those who were most deeply concerned in the matter. The course of the Commission since its organization has been continually disappointing.

If the next Congress abolishes the Commission, as popular dissatisfaction may lead it to do, it will be due, not to any defect in the plan on which it was based, but to the temperamental disqualification of the Chairman for the duties to which he was called and his inability to see the great opportunity which he has had.

NEW YORK AND NATIONAL POLITICS

New York is usually a pivotal State politically.

Fortunately, to-day the temper of the Republicans at present in the saddle in New York is not representative of the temper of all the Republicans throughout the United States. This is fortunate for the Republican party, for were it otherwise defeat would be a certainty for the Republicans in 1916.

Swept into power in the midst of widespread dissatisfaction with the Democratic National Administration, and largely as a result of deep local disgust with four years of Democratic misrule, the Republican Governor and Legislature of New York seem to

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have failed to realize what their election should have meant—an opportunity to vindicate Republican principles and Republican conceptions of government. The New York Republican organization has failed in the test.

There has been an extraordinary list of reactionary acts and attempts of the Legislature. A few examples will suffice. A direct tax of $19,000,000 was voted, $14,000,000 of this to be borne by the city of New York alone. In the face of this "emergency measure" the vast total of $64,000,000 in appropriations was voted for by this extravagant Legislature. The noxious Lockwood-Ellenbogen Bill, weakening the administration of the New York City building laws and perhaps paving the way for another holocaust like the Triangle fire, was passed (to be killed by the veto of Mayor Mitchel), and so was an amendment weakening the beneficial Workmen's Compensation Act of the last Tammany Legislature. Attempts to emasculate the public health laws and to legalize the exploitation of women workers in the canning industry providentially failed, in the latter case only after protests had been raised all over the Union against this bit of New York legislation, which was aptly called a "piece of barbarism." One of the few bright spots in the record of this incompetent Legislature was the passage of the Mills-Hoff Bill providing for the extension of indeterminate sentences to certain classes of prisoners in the workhouse and to all prisoners committed to the penitentiary.

But, as we said before, all Republicans are not of the stripe of the men controlling the Republican machine in New York. Pennsylvania is a notable example of a State in which, in spite of the election of Mr. Penrose to the United States Senate, progressive principles and Republican rule are apparently going side by side.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

The inauguration, on April 21, of Dr. Edward Kidder Graham as President of the University of North Carolina was an event of more than academic interest. Beautiful for situation at Chapel Hill, the University has been a leader in the development of the intellectual life of the State. The little group of students which went out from it with the enthusiasm of evangelists for education have changed the atmosphere and attitude of the whole State. Dr. Alderman, Dr. McIver, and other members of that gallant band fairly demolished the old strongholds of prejudice against State education. North Carolina has always had a sturdy, independent, and aggressive body of citizens. From Colonial times taxation was associated in their minds with oppression; and it was very difficult to persuade the old-time North Carolinian that when he taxed himself for his own benefit he was not using arbitrary power for selfish ends.

The little company of educational apostles made a campaign which reached the whole State. They spoke in school-houses, in fact wherever they could get an audience, and carried home to the stalwart and vigorous people of North Carolina knowledge of the great educational needs of the State, and inspired them to meet those needs with adequate education. Now North Carolina is in energy and interest one of the banner States; and from it, in very large degree, started that great educational renaissance which has given the educational movement throughout the South religious fervor and apostolic consecration.

The new President of the University of North Carolina is a North Carolinian by birth and education. He was born in the pleasant old city of Charlotte, educated in the schools of that city, and was graduated from the University of which he is now the head. In 1894 he pursued graduate studies at Columbia University; and three years after his graduation returned to his Alma Mater, with which he has now been associated for sixteen years, as librarian, instructor, professor, and acting President. He has won the great regard of the students and the confidence of his associate professors. He is a firm believer in student self-government. A portrait of Dr. Graham appears on another page.

The exercises in Memorial Hall were presided over by the Governor of the State. Addresses were made by President Goodnow, of the Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Alderman, of the University of Virginia; and Professor White, of Harvard. The inaugural address was vigorous and direct, and outlined the future policy of President Graham for the University. One inevitable quality the State University must have: it must be sensitively alive in every vital point to the time, the needs, and the place of the people it serves. The University has recently adopted the motto, "Maximum Service to all People;" and it is rendering that service in many ways. It

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has established correspondence courses for those who cannot leave their homes, summer schools for teachers, rural life conferences, night schools for Negroes of the local village, and road institutes for the builders of highways. It has sent out package libraries, extension bulletins devoted to the study of school problems, and a great variety of information relating to school, home, farm, city, and State. This extension work of the University is to be pushed further and harder; and President Graham, who is still a young man, is an ardent believer in the public service of the University.

AMERICANS ON JAPANESE POLICY

Drs. Sidney L. Gulick and Shailer Mathews, returning from a visit to Japan as the representatives of the Federation of the Churches of Christ in America, recently gave an account of their work at a dinner in New York City. Both addresses were notable for directness and frankness.

Dr. Mathews, at the close of his address, spoke eloquently of the situation between Japan and China. Much of the news emanating from Peking, he said, is obviously colored by anti-Japanese feeling, and it is difficult to accept any of the reports on their face value; and this coloring of reports in the apparent interest of making trouble between the United States and Japan is a menace. America's interest in China is the maintenance of the open-door policy, to which Japan is fully and explicitly agreed. Count Okuma has repeatedly stated in his interviews with Drs. Gulick and Mathews that this policy is to be maintained, and they accept his statement literally.

As regards the integrity and sovereignty of China, which is also the interest of America, both Dr. Gulick and Dr. Mathews believe the statement made by the Premier. Baron Kato, in a recent address, declared that Japan intends to obtain her rights in China, no more and no less; but until Japan clearly indicates what she believes those rights to be there is a large area of doubt.

Not only the future prosperity but the national existence of Japan is involved in the maintenance of the integrity of China; for China under the control of European nations, with the unavoidable concessions and naval bases, would expose Japan to constant danger. As the result of her victory in the Russian war, Japan has obtained possession of Korea and important concessions involving police powers in southern Manchuria. She is reasonably safe, therefore, against attack from the north. By the victory of Tsingtao she controls a third harbor on the coast, and is free, for the time, from German rivalry. If the present status is conserved, she may be said to be safe from immediate danger of attack through China. This status is always likely to be changed by the pressure brought to bear upon China by other Powers, and it is not difficult to see that Japan, remembering the last twenty years of European intervention in China, sees danger of further political control of that country.

If this is the extent of Japanese demands, and if the only purpose she has in mind is to build up an Asiatic Monroe Doctrine, the American people can hardly fail to sympathize with her. The Monroe Doctrine, however, was adopted as a means of self-protection, and has never been made an excuse for aggrandizement or interference in the governmental policies of American republics. The policy of Japan may be likened to that of the Monroe Doctrine so far as it seeks to protect itself through checking European aggressions; but it will be very different if it involves the establishment of Japan's predominant influence in the internal affairs of China.

This is the point at which America is drawn into the situation. Japan evidently intends to have a predominating influence in the development of China. If this influence is to be magnanimously in the interests of China rather than those of Japan, the world will applaud Japanese policy; but both Europe and America must be taken further into Japan's confidence. There is, in the opinion of Dr. Mathews, a general belief among the more intelligent Americans that it is better for China to develop under Asiatic than under European leadership. What remains uncertain is the nature of that leadership. Japan has a great opportunity for broad and generous statesmanship; and she has accomplished so much that it is possible for her to secure hearty co-operation between herself and the United States in maintaining the integrity of China and watching over China's interests.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

It is a supreme opportunity for the United States and Japan to show the meaning of their friendship, to demonstrate the power

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of diplomacy based on the giving of justice. "I have found," said Dr. Mathews, "Japan so full of noble sentiments, so eager for the best things in our Western world, while yet so loyal to the best heritage of her past, that I have not only admiration for her scholars and statesmen, but the highest hopes for her national expansion. . . . I believe she has in large measure the future of Asia in her keeping. . . . I feel it a test of Japan's true greatness. Will she repeat the lessons taught by European policies in Asia . . . or will she give the world a new and epoch-making lesson in sacrificial internationalism, in which, while protecting her own future, she shall, with the hearty co-operation of America, also safeguard the rights of a huge, unshaped people bravely trying to tread the same path she herself has trod?"

The United States and Japan are rapidly acquiring the same civilization, the same ethical point of view, and are together facing the problem of a new Asia. Every thoughtful person in the two nations should strive to protect this fellowship from disturbance by injustice and suspicion. "The United States should do justice to Japanese in America. It should co-operate with Japan as the leader and teacher of the new China through its periodic development."

This is a noble interpretation of the opportunity of Japan and of the wise and statesmanlike policy which the Japanese have it in their power to enforce in their relations with China. It is true, as Baron Kato recently said, that the West is holding Japan to standards to which it has not always conformed in the past, but a new age is coming, and Japan has a chance to lead the way. She may now gain the confidence of the whole world; she may protect herself, serve another country in its time of need, and re-establish the dignity and influence of Asia in the world.

A BOY'S A BOY FOR A' THAT

Last September Lieutenant Sherman Kiser, of the United States Philippine Scouts, and two friends of his from New England, sat in a room over the odoriferous pearl exchange in Jolo, capital of the Sulu Archipelago, turning the pages of a book of photographs of American Boy Scouts. As he looked at the album, which had been brought from the United States by his tourist companions, the idea struck Lieutenant Kiser that the Boy Scout idea would "take" in the Philippines.

The young officer had been ordered to Zamboanga, a Moro town in southwestern Mindanao. As soon as he had settled there he gave his idea rein. It was a nondescript company of children which responded to his invitation. Both sexes were represented. Some of the youngsters were clothed only "in the sunshine of a smile," but all were ready to make a trial of the new notion. A number were chosen, and the elect went for a hike. They sat down in the shade of a grove of cocoanut palms on a gentle slope of turf and listened to a description of a Boy Scout and an exposition of Scout laws. They decided that they would like to be Boy Scouts.

Each of the brown-skinned lads was provided with a khaki Scout uniform of lightweight material suited to the climate. The campaign hat went with it. The "little brown brothers" were now ready for the Scout oath. They deemed it a serious moment when they took their places in a semicircle around the officer of the Philippine Scouts, and, standing straight, shoulder to shoulder, every eye fixed upon the white man in the center, they raised their right hands with three fingers extended upward. The attitude of every boy showed that he realized the significance of the oath he was taking.

Now came the test. Were the Boy Scout principles adapted to the nature of Mohammedan boys of such antecedents as had these? In other words, were they like other boys? They proved that they were.

"The boys are so interested and work so hard, they have done more already than I had planned for six months," Lieutenant Kiser wrote to a friend less than two months after organizing the troop. "They seem to understand everything with only one explanation. They follow me around and watch me as if I were a most wonderful being. I have to be very careful of my acts in their presence because they think I am perfect. I gave them a set of boxing gloves a few days ago. You should see them box. They are light as cats and certainly clever. They have had a couple of lessons in the destruction of bugs and worms that damage the cocoanut trees. Besides they are daily putting the Boy Scout laws into action. I also bought some large baskets, brooms, garden rakes, and grass cutters, and the boys are attempting to clean up their village. By bringing

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them up to the Post and showing them our clean roads and houses they have been helped a lot. I am going to have them make me a special call at my house to-morrow afternoon, and I am going to treat them as if they were well-bred gentlemen.

"I think that if the Boy Scouts could have plenty of good masters here in the Philippines it would do more toward the civilization of these peoples than anything else I know of, because so much more can be done with the boy's mind. I have noticed with my Boy Scouts that I can get them to do anything without the least trouble They are more keen about the things that are instructive and worth while than they are about the worthless. They seem eager for knowledge."

Not only did the boys learn how to protect the valuable cocoanut trees against the attacks of parasites and to conduct clean-up campaigns, but they put their instruction in first aid to the injured into practice upon a dog with an injured leg, one of the earliest known instances of a display of kindness to dumb animals on the part of a Moro boy. More than this, they so behaved that the antipathetic attitude of the white population of Zamboanga toward them was changed to one of marked respect. They had become clean little Scouts. One army doctor was so impressed that he gave each member of the patrol a first aid kit. It is recorded that when the troop was formed the boys wanted guns, but as they became imbued with the spirit of the Boy Scout laws they forgot entirely their interest in firearms.

A boy's a boy for a' that, even if he is a Moro boy. And, according to the proverb, the boy is father to the man.

MAKING ONE DOLLAR INTO TWO

About a month ago, in the story "The One-Armed Man Finds a Job," there was given in The Outlook an account of what a church in New York City—the Church of the Heavenly Rest—had been doing to provide employment for unemployed men and at the same time to prepare material for the relief of the wounded in the world war. A similar work for the relief of those suffering from the war and for unemployed women has been carried on by a settlement in New York City—the East Side House.

This is another example of making one dollar do the work of two.

It started last fall when the settlement employed two women to make some hospital garments destined for France. Very soon there were eighteen women employed. The purpose was twofold—to relieve the strain of unemployment in that particular corner of the city, and to extend that help to the destitute in Europe and in our own country. A wage of one dollar was paid to each woman who applied and was found to be in desperate need.

The way it worked may be indicated by an example. One friend of the settlement sent a check for fifty dollars. Knowing that the donor was sending all that he could spare to his relatives in Holland to take care of refugees, those in charge of the settlement wrote, asking if they should make children's garments to be shipped to Holland. The donor replied: "Yes, by all means; but I did not expect to get anything for my money." Another donor sent a hundred dollars. It was discovered that he was sending a surgeon to Servia; so the women made pajamas, nightshirts, convalescent garments, and bandages to add to his equipment. In each instance the donor was surprised to find that the money he gave was able to provide an equivalent to be given somewhere else.

One or two other examples might serve. Not all the gifts have been in money. One merchant, for instance, has given a thousand yards of woolen material.

And all this has meant, not relief merely for suffering in Europe, but enormous relief for those who have been busy making these garments and bandages and the rest. One woman had been deserted by her husband and was left with three children to support, and there were other women who were widows or wives with husbands out of work. And it has not been merely the money but the sense of co-operation and service that has helped to restore these women to vigor and hopefulness. One day during a cold period in the winter a woman appeared half frozen, her only garments being a dress and a pair of shoes. That night each woman in that room, out of the dollar that she had earned, gave fifteen cents to this woman in distress; and one of them who had received as a Christmas gift a warm petticoat took it off and gave it to her.

The East Side House settlement, at Seventy-sixth Street and the East River, which has been doing this work, has issued a price-list so that one can order articles to be made. For example, a donor wishes to send some cloth-

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ing for the relief of refugee children. He looks at this price-list, and finds that he can send woolen coats for children for $2 to $2.50 apiece, woolen dresses for the same price, other dresses for girls from 45 cents to $1, boys' shirts for 40 cents apiece, children's nightgowns for 35 cents apiece, and so on. He gives his order and asks that the goods be sent to a certain locality and pays the amount. The goods are not only sent for the relief of these refugee children, but the women who make them are given employment into the bargain. This is something that could be done in any community.

THE ROCK ISLAND RECEIVERSHIP

Most people do not know much about railways from the financial or the technical side. Hence the Rock Island receivership interests them chiefly on the moral side. To those people the news of the receivership came as a shock, but perhaps not to those Wall Street brokers who, it is claimed, have bought and sold during the past thirty days a quarter in excess of the entire capital stock of the company.

Rock Island was long regarded as one of the strong roads of the country. Its shares were quoted at more than twice the price of the shares of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway, for instance. And no wonder, when a road reports a surplus twice as large as the amount paid out in dividends. But, alas for Rock Island! its control passed into hands which hurt its moral reputation. Not that the road ceased to be a going concern, in the sense of mileage, for instance. Both its passenger and ton mileage have been greatly increased. It is supposed to be in good physical condition. It ought always to represent a paying investment.

Some of its small loans are now due; some larger loans are coming due in the near future. As the company is apparently unable to borrow the necessary funds, it applied for a receivership. Why unable? Because the new capitalization of the road when it passed from conservative to speculative control was deemed farcically large by the investing public. Justly or unjustly, the fine old name of Rock Island became a synonym for stock gambling. Its moral power was lost. It is difficult to win back any prestige so shattered.

The President of the road, however, declares that the cause of the company's present misfortune is the Washington Administration's attitude towards railways; and that under such conditions other systems, like the Atchison and the Burlington, for example, cannot survive, but must in time become insolvent. The Atchison and the Burlington may be called competitive roads with the Rock Island; they run through somewhat better territory and have greater borrowing power, but they have been having the same kind of treatment, both from the Federal and State governments, as to rates imposed, and yet have been growing steadily stronger. This is not saying that both the Federal and, especially, the various State governments may not often have proceeded drastically and unfairly towards the railways; but why throw the blame for the Rock Island's present predicament on the United States Government?

FREDERICK W. SEWARD

Frederick William Seward, who died on April 25, eleven days after the fiftieth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln, played a dramatic part in the frustration of the complete fulfillment of the conspiracy that had aimed at the murder of several of the leaders of the Lincoln Administration, besides the President himself.

On April 14, 1865, Mr. Seward, as Assistant Secretary of State, took the place of his father, William H. Seward, the Secretary of State, in a Cabinet conference on reconstruction. That evening, while the comedy on the boards at the Ford Theater was giving way to the tragedy enacted in the Presidential box, Mr. Seward was severely injured in an attempt to protect his father from an attack by Lewis Payne, a fellow-conspirator of the man who killed the President.

Frederick W. Seward was born at Auburn, New York, on May 8, 1830. After graduating from Union College he went into law and journalism. He was Assistant Secretary of State, under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, from 1861 to 1869, and later held the same position in the Cabinet of President Hayes. He was intrusted with or participated in several important diplomatic enterprises, including the special mission with Admiral Porter to negotiate treaties with the West Indies, the Alaskan purchase, and the negotiations to obtain a harbor in Samoa for American vessels. When not engaged in National affairs, Mr. Seward was usually an active figure in New York State politics. He was the author of the "Life and Letters of William H.

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Seward" and of his own "Personal Reminiscences," which he ordered should not be published until after his death, and which it has been predicted will throw new light on the stirring times during which Mr. Seward lived at Washington.

OPIUM

For seven years, through three Administrations, and in the face of much indifference, not to say opposition, our Department of State has carried on a campaign against the use of demoralizing drugs throughout the world.

To-day the work stands complete. During the last of the seven years three striking events have marked it.

First, the announcement in the British Parliament that the Indo-Chinese opium traffic had been brought to an end.

Second, the signing of the final protocol at The Hague, which puts an international agreement into effect over a vast field. When the remaining signatures are affixed, the use of vicious drugs will be regulated from one end of the globe to the other. It was appropriate that this freeing from bondage should have taken place on the birthday of a man—Lincoln—who freed from bondage an entire race. The final protocol was the outcome of the international conference which had recently met at The Hague, and which, like the other conferences there, aimed at the uplifting of humanity through peaceful channels. It was the last conference to meet at The Hague before the present war broke out.

Third, the passage of a bill in Congress to regulate the inter-State traffic in habit-forming drugs. The bill became law on the 1st of March last. It was the fourth of the bills outlined by Dr. Hamilton Wright, who, as delegate to the Shanghai Commission in 1909 and to the later Hague Conferences, has had the opium campaign in charge for the State Department. The first bill prohibited the import of opium except for medicinal purposes. The second and third bills prohibited its import and export. The final legislation limits its inter-State transportation.

Specifically, it prohibits all persons from selling or giving away harmful drugs except on physicians' prescriptions. It provides for the registration of opium or coca leaves, and any compound, manufacture, salt, derivative, or preparation from them, and for the imposition of a tax upon all persons who distribute them. A physician's order is now necessary to the dispensing of remedies which contain more than two grains of opium, or more than a quarter of a grain of morphine, or an eighth of heroin, or one grain of codeine. The Act makes it a crime punishable by five years in prison or a two-thousand-dollar fine, or both, to have opium in one's possession unless a license has been taken out from the Collector of Internal Revenue, which licenses are, of course, confined to physicians and druggists. Any one who has not been registered and who is found with any of the drugs above named in his possession is deemed presumptively guilty of a violation of the Act. No person who has not registered and paid the tax may deliver any of these drugs from any State or Territory to any person in any other State or Territory.

HABIT-FORMING DRUGS

The friends of the Act prophesied great benefit to the country in general from it, and to the "dope fiend" in particular. But there were others who predicted that to the habitual users of drugs it would work harm not offset by counterbalancing good.

What has been the record? In the first place, the act has thoroughly scared and greatly diminished those habitual users. Secondly, the Act has brought a greater sense of responsibility to those who prescribe and particularly to those who sell drugs. Every time that a preparation containing any notable proportion of habit-forming drugs is prescribed or sold exact registration must be made, thus imposing strict legislation on the legitimate trade in drugs for purely medicinal purposes.

On the other hand, those who ought to know claim that the rise in price of opium, due to the difficulty in obtaining it, has enormously increased drug smuggling into this country, especially across the Mexican border. Apparently anarchic in everything, Mexico has no drug traffic regulations in her own territory and no agreement with the United States. Hence many unlawful drug dealers and users are still able to obtain what they want.

Again, there has been an increase in the number of "catarrh cures," "cough mixtures," and other preparations coming under the exemptions above mentioned. These preparations not only afford an opportunity to very mild users of drugs to continue their habits, but also afford an opportunity to others of beginning a dangerous acquaintance with cocaine and heroin.

The law's administration leaves much to

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be desired. Officials have not been prompt and businesslike enough in furnishing physicians with necessary credentials, and the prison care of drug victims has often been brutal, because such persons, instead of being segregated and handled as a group, have had to mingle with the other prisoners and have been treated in the same general manner.

But with all these drawbacks the two months' experience of the new law shows that it marks a notable change in the direction of greater National control of what has come to be a crying National evil.

THE THEATER AND THE CRITIC

Dramatic critics in New York City are in trouble again. One has lost his position on account of his criticisms, still another is barred from entrance to one of the theaters. "Happy are they," said Shakespeare, "that can hear their detractions and can put them to mending." Which sentiment may have had a good deal to do with the genius of the "myriad-minded" Elizabethan, for Shakespeare in his time was often criticised as a man, actor, and dramatist. Long before the age of Shakespeare criticism of the drama had stirred resentfulness among the writers for the theater. Euripides, it is told, was wont to rebuke Athenian journalists who had the temerity to criticise his plays. Clashes between critics and the writers and producers of plays are as old as the drama itself. "Critics," wrote Horace, "still argue, and the court's in doubt."

Yet, as Professor Brander Matthews has pointed out, the fundamental principles of the drama are the same throughout the ages; and it appears that dramatic criticism also throughout the ages has been much the same as now, and equally resented by those who had to do with the production of plays. "The fundamental principles of the drama," says Professor Matthews, ". . . can be discovered in the plays of Sophocles as well as in the plays of Shakespeare; in the plays of Molière as well as in the plays of Ibsen."

The critic in every generation has come in for his share of criticism. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in his comedy "The Critic," aimed some biting satire at those who write of plays. In "Fanny's First Play" George Bernard Shaw, himself once a critic, pokes considerable fun—and very good fun—at the members of the critical craft. He has one character in the play say of a critic, "Quite human. I was surprised." And in another place he has a character refer to a critic as a person who "is helped out positively by a slight turn for writing, and negatively by a comfortable ignorance and lack of intuition which hide from him all the dangers and disgraces that keep men of finer perception in check."

All of which is apropos of the agitation newly reopened by one play-producing firm in New York against dramatic critics. A number of commentators would seem to be of the impression that such opposition to unfavorable criticism of plays is a product of this time and has an unhealthy significance. A half-century ago, Taine, referring to criticism, wrote: "This trade of calumny was in vogue fifty years ago; in fifty more it will probably have altogether ceased." But within the last decade so distinguished a critic as William Winter has had to give way before the opposition of theatrical producers to his reviews of their plays. Such capable writers as Alan Dale, Samuel Hoffenstein, and Acton Davies fought against the opposition made by play producers. Walter Prichard Eaton, a magazine writer of note, recently has been excluded from a New York theater; and now Alexander Woolcott, the critic for the New York "Times," has had to appeal to the Supreme Court for permission to attend the performance at a theater from which he had been barred by the management because of an unfavorable review written by him of a play the same managers had produced.

What makes this case of unusual interest is that the "Times" has backed up its play reviewer by invoking the aid of the Supreme Court, and that the theatrical producers in question inserted an advertisement in several New York newspapers appealing to the public not to believe anything they read in the reviews of a play produced by them. This announcement had to do with a certain play which they feared the critics might misinterpret.

The fact of the matter is that the play in question is a stupid, inutile English version of a German farce that might better have been left unwritten. It lacks all the elements that would commend it to theater-goers. The performance has but one interest, and that is the acting of that picturesque Flemish player Lou-Tellegen, who first came to this country as leading man to Madame Sarah Bernhardt. His reading of the English text has much charm, though he is given to an

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often monotonous single register of utterance.

The conflict between the critic for the "Times" and this theatrical producing firm has started another discussion of that time-honored subject, "The Rights of the Press."

THE MEXICAN THORN

Mr. Caspar Whitney's series of articles which begins in this number deals with a country which the people of the United States seem for the time being to have forgotten. Mexico is next door to us; but just now she seems farther away than Belgium or even Servia. Less than a year ago we were hearing about Huerta and Carranza and Villa. These figures stood well in the foreground. To-day they have receded and their places have been taken by Albert of Belgium, Hindenburg, Bernhardi, Joffre, French, Kitchener, and the rest. Absorbing as the European war is, however, we have no business to forget Mexico—we have no right to ignore our nearest neighbor on the south.

And it is certain that if we do forget we shall have later a reminder that we may not relish. To forget Mexico is to forget our own people there. We have no right to do that. To forget Mexico is to forget the rights of Europeans there. We have entered into obligations to those Europeans so direct that we have no right to forget them. When the European war is over, we shall still find Mexico at our door. And what has been happening in Mexico in the meantime will have more and more closely involved us. Just now Americans are inclined to a feeling of self-satisfaction that this country has avoided entanglement in the European conflict. But if we let matters go on in Mexico as they have been going on, we may find ourselves entangled with European countries because of our own heedlessness. Just at present the nations of Europe have all they can do. When the war is ended, however, they will be freer to think of what has been happening to their people in Mexico. They will have a chance to think what it means for the United States to deny to these countries the right to interfere with Mexico and at the same time for the United States to decline to interfere herself.

This is why we are publishing these articles by Mr. Whitney. It is not because Americans are thinking about Mexico; it is rather because Americans ought to be thinking about Mexico.

For over two years Mexico has been in a state of, not civil war, but anarchy. The right of revolution is an inalienable right, and no lover of liberty would wish to deny to the Mexican people the right of securing liberty through the means of revolution if necessary; but it is no longer revolution that is wasting the people of Mexico, endangering the lives of Americans there and of other foreign residents, to say nothing of the damage to property; it is a factional struggle between contentious and jealous leaders that bears no sign of promise for the Mexican people or for the future of the Mexican Government. It is anarchy—the opposite of government, the destruction of government. A state of real revolution is preferable to a state of unresisted despotism; but a state of anarchy is not only worse than revolution, it is worse than despotism itself.

In this state of affairs the United States has a real interest. In it are involved the United States' rights.

First, there is involved the right of this country to protect its own citizens wherever they are. This is a right which no civilized country can afford to forego. If Americans in any case have justly incurred the antagonism of Mexicans, the matter ought to be investigated; but the fact that an American goes to Mexico to better his own conditions, to make money by legitimate industry or legitimate enterprise, does not deprive him of his rights as an American citizen to the protection of the American Government.

Second, there is involved the right of this country to protect those Europeans who have residence and property in Mexico. The United States has this right because it has the obligation to do so. By the Monroe Doctrine the United States has served notice to other countries that they are not to interfere in the internal affairs of the republics on this hemisphere. They cannot protect their citizens under such circumstances as exist in Mexico without interfering in the internal affairs of Mexico. Since we have denied these European countries this right, we have placed upon ourselves a corresponding obligation. And wherever an obligation exists there exists also the right to meet it. There is therefore involved in this situation the right of this country to protect Europeans.

Third, there is involved in this situation the

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right of the United States to stamp out in its neighborhood what may be called contagious anarchy. The man whose next-door neighbor allows conditions to exist which breed pestilence has a right to insist that his neighbor clean up. There is no pestilence more perilous than anarchy. We cannot, in justice to ourselves and to our children, permit that menace to remain near at hand.

Fourth, there is involved in the Mexican situation the right of a strong people to rescue a weak people. The United States exercised that right when it interfered with the despotic rule of Weyler in Cuba, and by intervention and war rescued Cuba, and, to our own astonishment, the Philippines. The Mexican people have always been a peculiarly defenseless people against all forms of greed, rapacity, and tyranny. Temperamentally peaceable, they have never been able to overcome those who have lived upon them. As is always the case with a weak but rebellious people, their only recourse has been to futile violence and the chance rewards of banditry. They have been by their oppressors educated into a state of ignorance. They are predominantly illiterate. They are easily made the dupes of ambitious and unscrupulous political agitators, from whom they have taken refuge by yielding themselves to the mercy of an occasional and equally unscrupulous despot. If ever a weak people needed the services of a strong people, the Mexicans need the services of the people of the United States.

And with such plain rights there are three courses which the United States may pursue.

In the first place, the United States may waive her rights (which means that she must repudiate her obligations) and consistently decline to interfere. The justification for such a course can be based only upon the theory that the Mexicans should fight it out among themselves. This is the course which, strange to say, is advocated by both President Wilson and General Huerta. In his Indianapolis speech President Wilson said:

> Until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz régime, eighty per cent of the people of Mexico never had a "look-in" in determining who should be their governors, or what their government should be. Now, I am for the eighty per cent. It is none of my business and it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business and it is none of your business how they go about the business. The country is theirs. The government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it—and God speed them in getting it—is theirs. And so far as my influence goes, while I am President nobody shall interfere with them. . . .
>
> Have not European nations taken as long as they wanted and spilled as much blood as they pleased in settling their affairs, and shall we deny that to Mexico because she is weak? No, I say.

This definite policy of non-interference is agreed to by the man whom President Wilson declined to recognize and finally ousted from the Mexican presidential chair—General Victoriano Huerta. In an article printed in the New York "Times" of April 25, General Huerta says: "The thing for every one outside of Mexico to do is to stand aside, as everybody stood aside at the time of your Civil War, and let Mexico fight her battle out as best she can in her own way."

This policy of non-interference, which might equally well be called either the Huerta policy or the Wilson policy, is one which has in fact never been followed, but it is nevertheless logical and intelligible.

In the second place, the United States might conceivably undertake to invade Mexico and conquer the Mexican people. In order to do that, the United States would have to create a great army and face a long and bitter guerrilla warfare. General Huerta says that it would take millions of men to do it. Though it would take no such force, this point need not be debated, as the people of the United States, we believe, will never be willing to form an army for any such purpose. This is not a policy which is advocated by any leader of public opinion in America, and is quite out of the question. It is, however, a perfectly logical and intelligible policy.

In the third place, the United States might undertake to occupy Mexico with a force that might be called a police force, and to perform there the essential functions of government, including education, until the people found themselves and became able to carry on a free and orderly government of their own. This would not be invasion and conquest, although it might and probably would involve the sending of trained and seasoned troops to certain strategic points and gradual extension of military occupancy that would incidentally involve unquestionably some fighting and bloodshed. How different this is, however, from conquest may be seen by com-

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paring what the Germans have done in Belgium with what our American sailors and soldiers did in Vera Cruz. In the one case there was military conquest; in the other, military occupation. In the one case a resisting people were overcome and put down; in the other case such resistance as was offered was put down as a riot would be put down, but the people themselves found the occupation beneficial and welcomed it. The experience that we had in Vera Cruz is proof sufficient for us that such occupation of Mexico would not be impracticable. We believe, and what happened in Vera Cruz confirms the belief, that the Mexican people want order rather than anarchy, welcome cleanliness rather than disorder and filth, prefer liberty under law to the enchaining slavery of fear that is the only semblance of order which now obtains in Mexico. Wherever our soldiers and sailors have gone they have made, not enemies, but friends. In return for the resistance that they have met they have given good government. There is no question that when our forces voluntarily left Vera Cruz they left behind them no love in the hearts of ambitious Mexican politicians, but friendliness in the hearts of those Mexican people who knew them. What we succeeded in doing in Vera Cruz on a small scale is what we mean by the policy of intervention and occupation in Mexico on a large scale. This is a perfectly logical and intelligible policy.

These three courses—non-interference, invasion, and occupation—are mutually inconsistent. Any one of them could be conceivably followed. The United States has followed none. Rather, under the present Administration, it has been attempting to follow each one by turns. We have preached non-interference, and have interfered by ousting Huerta and by occupying Vera Cruz. We have made what could only be understood by the Mexicans as a threat of invasion and conquest by mobilizing on the Mexican border and by sending warnings to men supposedly in authority in Mexico, but we have not followed up our warnings, and our threats have proved futile and empty. We tried friendly and firm occupation, and our attempt succeeded; and then at a critical moment, when occupation was most needed for the protection of our own citizens, for the protection of Europeans, and for the protection of the Mexicans themselves, we withdrew. We have followed no course consistently. We have dallied with one policy after another. We have been vacillating, and we have plumed ourselves that we have kept out of war.

Some day the United States will have to adopt the third policy of occupation. The larger part of wisdom, it has been said, consists in being wise in time. It is too late for us to be as wise as we ought to have been. Our withdrawal from Vera Cruz was a blunder of the first magnitude. But it is never too late to do what ought to be done, although tardiness may be costly in treasure and even in life.

Some day the United States will have to take the lead in seeing that government replaces anarchy in Mexico and that the people have a chance against both the anarchy of political factionists and the despotism of greed and might. It would have been better if our occupation had been undertaken after consultation with such stable countries in this hemisphere as Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. That we might have had their co-operation is proved by the fact that these three countries did offer themselves as mediators when we allowed ourselves to enter into altercation with a single Mexican general. It is perhaps now too late to gain the co-operation of those countries, for the seeking of their co-operation might easily be misinterpreted as a request that they help us out of difficulties. It would have been simpler and easier if we had sought their co-operation before we had created those difficulties. Perhaps we can have their co-operation still. With their co-operation or without it, we must some time make it our business to meet our obligations and exercise our rights by doing for Mexico what we have done for Cuba and for the Philippines.

Frankly, we see little hope for the adoption of this policy by the present Administration. Committed to theoretical non-intervention by the words of President Wilson, committed to a policy of interference without effectiveness by what President Wilson has done in the case of Huerta and Vera Cruz, this Administration is not likely, we fear, to adopt any consistent and continuous course. We address ourselves here, not to the Administration, but to those of the American people whom we can reach, that they may make up their minds as to what policy they shall pursue, and that they may decide definitely how that policy shall be carried out.

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Many of our friends from Europe and Asia have said discouraging things about us, but it has been reserved for a French poet to blight our dearest hope of adding to the happiness and peace of the world; he predicts that we shall produce the super-woman! We are passing through the age of the super, and it is very like a reversion to the types of the colossal creatures which roamed the earth before man and died, in course of evolution, that a human world might arise on the wreck of an animal world and a brain might take the place of brute force.

To-day the superdreadnought rules the sea unless she meets a submarine, less powerful but more maliciously and craftily destructive than herself. Soon, if it is not a contradiction in terms, we may expect a super-submarine.

And we have the super-man, compact of iron and ruthless energy; the hater of those who stand in his path, the despiser of the merciful, the enemy of love; a Frankenstein monster with a heart of iron, muscles of steel, and a brain of scientific mechanical precision of movement—a monster born of materialism and applied science, without a conscience, above the law, and equipped for the destruction of the sick, the weak, the weary.

The appearance of the super-woman would complete the reversion to prehistoric times and bring back the rule of force. The giant is a modern nightmare, the giantess would make the world unlivable; love would die in an atmosphere poisoned by the noxious gas generated by unrestrained egotism. For that is the meaning of the super-man; selfishness incarnate and woe to whoever stands in its way. Since time began there has been no more hideous creature of an imagination shorn of its wings and brought down wounded to the earth than this creature of iron and clay. The super-woman would be the most repulsive figure ever fashioned in the dreams of a madhouse. The Madonna become a Valkyrie would put evil in place of good, light in place of darkness, and ruthless indifference to pain and weakness and sorrow instead of the divine ministry of love and mercy.

The super-man and super-woman bring into clear light the hardness and brutality of materialism. They mean the triumph of the body over the mind, the defeat of love, the death of the soul. Wherever the spirit of materialism has established itself music has become hard, brilliant, soulless; it has made women temptresses and men the creatures of passion; it has dethroned romance, put moral anarchy in place of the idealism which has made art the refuge and joy of humanity since the beginning of time; it has dramatized lust and exalted selfishness as the supreme law of society.

To art, painting, and sculpture it has brought discord, agitation, eccentricity, a pervading sense of the futility of life; it has reveled, not in nudity which is innocence and purity, but in nakedness which is self-consciousness, lustful, and destructive of that reverence for men and women which preserves society from corruption. Art without idealism, reverence, faith, love, is a body without a soul; it breeds corruption.

The super-man is an ominous figure; but he will not survive the spirit of brotherhood and the passion for the religious spirit in social organization which is coming into the world; the deflection of the progress of women from the unfolding of the Christian ideals to the development of material efficiency, if it could be accomplished, would be a reversion to the age of iron. Humanity has no more deadly enemy than the super-man who is the incarnation of materialism; the birth of the super-woman would be the death of religion, beauty, love, purity, happiness.

AN IMPERIAL MYSTERY

For years past it has been the habit of many foreigners and not a few Englishmen to talk about the decline of English power, the slow subsidence of a national energy which has been one of the great forces for civilization in every quarter of the globe; and so late as July last civil war seemed to many to threaten the stability of the Empire. To-day that Empire is a "far-flung battle line" that circles the globe. Great Britain has often been short-sighted and selfish in her foreign policies, illogical and haphazard in her home legislation; her national manner has often been arrogant, and her attitude toward other nations ungenerous and unsympathetic.

But she has been a leader in the fight for democracy. Wherever she has gone she has opened doors instead of closing them, she has shouldered great responsibilities, and has shown herself capable of dealing justly with

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great populations subject to her rule. Above all, she has learned from her mistakes and has responded to the growing urgency of the moral sentiment of her people. Faulty, illogical, politically loose-jointed, she has been and is a great force for human betterment in the world.

We have seen no more forcible statement of the mechanical weakness and inward power of the British nation than the following editorial published some time ago in the St. Louis "Republic;" by the courtesy of its editor we reprint it here as a real contribution to the literature which interprets present conditions in England as related to Europe:

"Whenever Germany and France, with their highly centralized and logically wrought out governments, have contemplated the fabric known as the British Empire, they have smiled smiles of disdain.

"If ever there was an instance of 'muddling along' through decades and even centuries, taking things for granted, avoiding issues, extemporizing expedients, and working always for the object immediately in view, with scant reference to any principle of outward consistency, it is supplied by the history of the making of the British Empire. This is a strange gathering together of Crown colonies, dominions, protectorates, a commonwealth, dependencies—and India. India is directly ruled by the Crown. Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Man are governed under their own laws, but certain officials are appointed by the Crown. Canada and Australia are both self-governing, but the Senators in Canada are appointed by the Governor-General, while those of Australia are elected. There is a Secretary of State for India in the King's Cabinet. And all gradations of self-government may be found in the more than ninety units of the British Empire.

"This fearful and wonderful fabric has no central body. There is no Bundesrath or Imperial Council. No collective action of its units is possible. The relation to them of the mother country is illogical, ill defined. To the foreigner, accustomed to the federation of the American States or of the units of the German Empire, the government looks planless and ineffective.

"All of which is preliminary to the observation that there is not at the present moment any more effective institution in the whole world of political fabric than the British Empire. Whatever its machinery lacks appears to be supplied by its spirit. The defects of its body are made up for by the unity of its soul.

"The fact cannot be gainsaid that England, which does not begin to be as logical as Germany or as systematic as France in matters of government, has nevertheless the knack of making men step out of their own free will to die in her defense. She has the gift of keeping alive, across tumbling seas, round half a world, the undying bond that unites the heart to home. She has shown herself indifferent to the possession of the taxing power over her colonies; but what matters it? Those colonies willingly tax themselves to send her war-ships and their sons seize their rifles in time of strife to go to her aid. She has the wisdom so to train and guide the swarthy children of alien races, and even the foes of yesteryear, that they put their living bodies between England and England's enemies. . . .

"As we contemplate this wonder of an Empire which is an empire of the spirit, an Empire whose philosophy of politics is all wrong, but for which the costliest things within the gift of man are poured out without stint, we are moved to wonder whether this is a prophecy of the future. . . .

"We do not want to seem to degrade a high theme; but English plum pudding holds the key to the mystery.

"English plum pudding never saw the day when it was worth the eating. It is soggy; it is greasy; it is flavorless; it tastes like the roller composition, compact of glue and molasses, which every country printer knows. It is unworthy of the good fruit spoiled in its making and the good spirit burned beneath it when it is brought to the Christmas board. It will not compare with the dark suet pudding of Missouri. Yet English plum pudding is eaten on Christmas not only from Land's End to John o' Groat's House, but in Manitoba, in Khartum, on the sides of the Himalayas, under the orange groves of New Zealand, where December is June, and in the blistering humidity of the Straits Settlements. Why? We cannot tell. But eaten it is. And English hearts, from London to Melbourne and back again, answer to the strains of "God rest you, merry gentlemen," and English eyes grow dim with happy tears.

"The British Empire is unscientific. It is unreasonable. But it is mighty, with the greatness of the soul."

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THE LIBEL SUIT AT SYRACUSE

SPECIAL STAFF CORRESPONDENCE

THE SCENE OF THE TRIAL

SYRACUSE is (save for the coal stoves in its trolley cars) a very modern city in appearance. Many of its main streets are lighted from a colonnade of ornamental lamp-posts, and its business district is clean and very substantial. The city is the seat of the large university which bears its name, and the home of New York State's great annual agricultural fair. It is situated at the juncture of the Oswego and Erie Canals and on the main line of the New York Central. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the New York Central is situated on Syracuse, for the trains of that railway company amble at grade, as in many other cities of Central New York, through one of its main thoroughfares. The situation is quite as metropolitan as that of "Death Avenue" in New York.

As an industrial city Syracuse seems very new, but the political history of the region in which it is situated goes back to the foundation of the Indian league of the Five Nations, for this is the country of the Onondagas and of the great councils of the Long House of the Iroquois. It is to be suspected, however, that few of those great Indian councils were fraught with as much political significance as the libel suit now being tried here under the impartial guidance of Judge Andrews, of the State Supreme Court.

As any one who has recently seen the front page of a newspaper knows, this suit was brought by William Barnes, Jr., of Albany, against Mr. Roosevelt, because of an article which the latter wrote and caused to have circulated, charging Mr. Barnes, then official Chairman of the Republican organization in New York State, with entering (according to the interpretation of the presiding judge) upon a corrupt alliance with members of the Democratic State organization specifically to make a connection between crooked business and crooked politics. For the damage alleged to have been done his reputation Mr. Barnes would like to collect from Mr. Roosevelt the sum of fifty thousand dollars. He claims that the charges against him are not justified by the facts and that they were made maliciously. Mr. Roosevelt claims that the charges were justified by the facts and were made without malicious intent. A defense in a libel suit may be made on both of these grounds—a point of importance, for a great deal of evidence can first be brought before the jury "in mitigation of damages" which is, unless properly corroborated, inadmissible "in justification" of the charge because of which suit has been brought. That is what the lawyers say; but the layman onlooker at such a trial as this is inclined to wonder if any juryman entirely succeeds in keeping the two brands of evidence strictly in their cubbyholes.

IN THE COURT

The trial at which Judge Andrews is presiding is taking place on the third floor of a well-built and court-housey-looking building fully equipped with all the necessary colonnades and the central dome which all good edifices devoted to the furtherance of justice and the pursuit of law demand as a natural and inalienable right. The court-room itself is well lighted and large—large, that is, for any ordinary case—but with only room enough to harbor a very small fraction of those who line the sidewalks outside waiting to catch a glimpse of the principals, principally Mr. Roosevelt. A ticket speculator would be in paradise if he could control admission to the court-room itself. Perhaps, in the absence of such a trafficker in tickets, a pen description may be made to serve.

Seated at the back of the room behind the high desk and railing that separate him from the floor of the court-room is Judge Andrews, mild of manner, but sure-minded and sure-voiced in the making of his rulings. Once, on the third day of the trial, when Mr. Ivins, counsel for Mr. Barnes, suggested that the Court was treating Mr. Roosevelt with more than ordinary consideration, the sharp rap of the Judge's gavel followed, and his quick rebuke (followed by an equally quick apology from Mr. Ivins) showed that Judge Andrews, courteous in manner though he may be, has also other qualifications befitting the presiding officer of a court of law. The ripples of amusement and satisfaction that repeatedly start across the court-room at Mr. Roosevelt's sallies under cross-examination are silenced as effectively as was the irascible outburst of Mr. Ivins.

In the space before Judge Andrews's desk

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are two large tables for the use of counsel for the plaintiff and the defendant. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Ivins and his associates sit at the right; Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Bowers and his associates at the left. Mr. Ivins and Mr. Bowers are interesting men to watch in action, both because of the keenness of their minds and because of the contrast of their personalities. Mr. Ivins is large of face and figure and smooth-shaven; Mr. Bowers is small of stature and bears a rather close resemblance to Senator Lodge. With his skull-cap, by the presence or absence of which spectators at the trial are learning to gauge to a nicety the temperature of the court-room, Mr. Ivins brings to mind the thought of a Venetian Doge or the recollection of paintings of mediæval priests. Probably there are many times when the witness whom he is examining would be very ready to add "of the Inquisition" to the word "priest."

The principals themselves can hardly be said to need any description, least of all Mr. Roosevelt. Of Mr. Barnes it may be remarked that, unlike his opponent, his least inviting characteristic is his smile. Usually as he sits at his counsel table his face is impassive and cold. It is only rarely that the side of his face lifts. Then Mr. Barnes is smiling, though the fact would hardly be guessed from an examination of his closely set and steady eyes.

To the left of Judge Andrews are the witness chair and the jury-box. Behind the two counsel tables a double row of newspaper men extend the width of the court-room. These men are sending out more daily telegraphic correspondence than has ever gone from Syracuse before, even during the sessions of important political conventions. Behind these are the fortunate ones who have gained admission to the trial.

As I write, for a week this trial has been in progress, and the first phase of it has not yet been completed. The plaintiff has established the fact of the publication of the article alleged to be libelous; the defendant has set forth his answer to the complaint. The defendant has been in the witness chair for five days—one under the direct guidance of his counsel, Mr. Bowers, three under rigid cross-examination of the suave and skillful Mr. Ivins, and one under the waspish questioning of Mr. Barnum, Mr. Ivins's Syracuse associate.

In a very general way the attack of the plaintiff may be summed up as an attempt to discredit Mr. Roosevelt as a political leader, as a citizen, and as a witness to his own past acts. From the time of his entrance into politics as an Assemblyman of New York State his whole record has been gone over with a very fine tooth comb. He has been searchingly questioned as to his relations with the leaders of his party, as to the sincerity of the reforms which he has advocated, and in an attempt to establish the fallibility of his memory. He has been most minutely examined as to the details of almost every political movement in which he has taken part, questioned as to the qualifications of the appointees he put in office as Governor of New York State, questioned as to the bills brought to his attention as Executive of New York State, questioned as to his actions as candidate for President—hardly anything has seemed too trivial or too far in the past to receive the exacting attention of his cross-examiners. When it is remembered that during the course of his public life Mr. Roosevelt has probably appointed more than forty thousand men to office, and that in this same period of time he has written, as he testified at the trial, more than one hundred and fifty thousand letters, the wonder is, not that he remembered so little, but that he remembered so much, of the great army of facts with which he has had to deal. His "I don't remember" or his "I haven't the slightest recollection" only seemed to add conviction to his statement as to the details of his life of which he had either general or vivid remembrance.

Aside from the attempts of the plaintiff to break down the weight of Mr. Roosevelt's testimony by proof of the fallibility of his memory, there was, as has been said, a general attempt to discredit him as a public man. The attempt was first made to establish the fact that Mr. Roosevelt was, prior to his election to the Governorship of New York State, a would-be tax dodger. The production of tax receipts for the years in question rather damaged the force of this argument. Next the counsel for the plaintiff tried to show that Mr. Roosevelt at the time of his election to the Governorship had no legal domicile in New York State, a fact which under the Constitution would have debarred him from the right to become a candidate. It cannot be said that this ancient if not honorable criticism, a matter thoroughly thrashed out during Mr. Roosevelt's campaign for Governor, added any more than the tax-dodging bugbear to the weight of the plaintiff's attack. Next in

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order of presentation, if not of time, came the discussion of the campaign contributions made when Mr. Roosevelt ran for the Presidency in 1904. Mr. Ivins tried to draw from Mr. Roosevelt admission that the funds contributed to his campaign were made with an ulterior purpose. To add impressiveness to the sums contributed he took up each one by itself, questioned Mr. Roosevelt about the donor, and asked whether he doubted the truth of the statements made to him as to the size of these contributions and their source. Mr. Roosevelt so emphatically and so smilingly denied any intention of not accepting Mr. Ivins's word that the cumulative effect of the evidence seemed to trickle away in good humor and the boredom of the jury. Despite Mr. Ivins's very apparent desire to pin his witness down to categorical answers, Mr. Roosevelt got into the evidence the fact that the funds contributed to his campaign were just half those given to help McKinley in 1900. He also adroitly introduced an allusion to the five hundred thousand dollars contributed by Thomas F. Ryan to the Democratic campaign, and gave it as his opinion that even this great sum, contributed to help his opponent, was given with no strings attached. As to the money for his own campaign, he testified that he saw no more connection between business and politics in the large contributions made in 1908 than if these same sums were given to erect buildings for the Young Men's Christian Association. To quote directly, he said:

I mention that because I know that Mr. George W. Perkins during the time that he was contributing so heavily to the campaign funds had contributed much more liberally to the building of the Y. M. C. A.'s, and the contribution from Mr. Perkins of $25,000 might be considerably less than a contribution of $25 from the station agent at Oyster Bay, and I should feel as grateful to the one man for the $25 as to the other man for the $25,000 contribution, and I should be incapable of acting for either in any way because of that contribution.

Mr. Roosevelt testified that he had no knowledge of the sums contributed to his campaign save that he was absolutely convinced that they had been contributed in accordance with his agreement with Mr. Cortelyou, the Chairman, and Mr. Bliss, the Treasurer, of the National Committee. In this connection he said:

I had talked with Mr. Cortelyou and Mr. Bliss, and had received from them the assurance that no gifts of money would be accepted with any implication that anything whatever was to be done in the way of legislative or executive action or political action of any kind in return for the gifts of money, and I had their implicit assurance that that would be the case; and they acted afterwards in accordance with that assurance to me.

Mr. Roosevelt told of the return of a large sum of money because it came from persons interested in a suit then before the Government. He said that the only request which came to him in connection with a campaign contributor was that made by friends of Mr. James Hazen Hyde that he be appointed Ambassador to France. With a characteristic chuckle Mr. Roosevelt said that he was willing to appoint Mr. Hyde Minister to Venezuela. Needless to say, the substitution of Venezuela for France did not prove agreeable to Mr. Hyde and his friends.

The last chapters of his life which underwent scrutiny before this article was sent to press dealt with Mr. Roosevelt's relations to the campaign for the renomination of Governor Hughes and with his relations with Senator Platt. The counsel for the plaintiff spent one whole day in reading the correspondence between Mr. Roosevelt and the "easy boss" of New York State. The object of this was, of course, to prove that Mr. Roosevelt was subservient to Platt while Governor of New York State. Perhaps the effect of these letters upon those in the court-room can best be judged by a quotation from the report of the New York "Sun," a paper not noted for its political friendliness towards Mr. Roosevelt. The writer says:

It is entirely by insinuation that Barnes's counsel seek to impress the jury that Roosevelt was a wrong-doer. So far nothing indicative of moral turpitude has been adduced, not the slightest bit of evidence to indicate that as Governor or President he advocated or attempted or accomplished anything tinged with evil, or that the appointments he made at Platt's suggestion were bad appointments. . . .

He admitted to-day with the utmost frankness that he had consulted Platt at all times in the year referred to, 1899, and that he always tried to please Platt when he thought it was right, because he regarded Platt as the leader (or boss) of the party, and considered his duty as a good organization man. . . .

He insisted that he always talked over with Platt the merits of each case, and then acted as he thought would be best for the people's interest.

During the reading of one of these letters, an invitation to breakfast with Mr. Platt, Mr.

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Roosevelt, in an aside which probably failed to reach the jury, remarked, "Chops and tomato sauce!" His own trial had doubtless evoked a memory of the troubles of Mr. Pickwick.

Of Mr. Roosevelt's relation with organization men more will be said later on. It is interesting to note in this connection, however, that when Mr. Roosevelt's counsel started to ask that certain of these Platt letters should be excluded on the ground that they were immaterial and would only waste the time of the Court, it was Mr. Roosevelt who insisted that they should all be laid before the jury.

POINTS FOR THE DEFENSE

Practically all the points for the defense which have been made so far have been introduced in "mitigation of damages." If these same points are corroborated by the testimony of others besides the defendant, they will, of course, have standing in court as being in justification of the charges made. Perhaps the most telling blows dealt to the character of Mr. Barnes during the progress of Mr. Roosevelt's testimony were contained in that portion of the Bayne report of the Committee of the New York Legislature which dealt with the grave political abuses in Albany County under the Barnes régime. This testimony the Court permitted to appear in the record in "mitigation of damages." This report shows in detail that Mr. Barnes, through his newspaper, the Albany "Evening Journal," received profits by securing public printing in evasion of the law. The report maintains that Mr. Barnes not only was the recipient of such profits through his connection with the Albany "Evening Journal," but that he was also the beneficiary of a secret printing "combine" of companies apparently working in competition, but actually in collusion. This testimony as to Mr. Barnes's connection with the profits from State printing was further strengthened by the admission as evidence of a letter written by Mr. Barnes to Mr. Roosevelt when Governor, asking that the latter drop the project of establishing a State Printing Bureau because of the financial loss which would accrue to the plaintiff in the present suit. Mr. Roosevelt in his Message to the Legislature recommended the establishment of such a Bureau.

Mr. Roosevelt further, "in mitigation of damages," testified that he believed that Mr. Barnes did act in collusion with the Democratic boss, Mr. Murphy, and in justification of his belief testified that he had been told by William Loeb, Jr., that Mr. Barnes had stated that, on account of his arrangement with Mr. Murphy, he would not influence the Republican organization to elect an Independent Democrat in the Senatorial fight of 1911. Mr. Roosevelt further testified as to the activities of Mr. Barnes in killing the Hughes direct primary measure, in killing the Hughes bill against race-track betting, and his activity in promoting a bi-partisan alliance to elect Allds, a Barnes Republican, to the presidency of the Senate. Most of this testimony will be later corroborated, it is expected, by Senators Davenport, Newcomb, and Hinman.

Of Mr. Barnes's attitude towards democracy, Mr. Roosevelt said that Mr. Barnes had told him that "the people are not fit to govern themselves, but must be governed by party organizations."

Legally, the most vital part of the case for Mr. Roosevelt, it is expected, will be brought out in the corroborating testimony of the witnesses who are now waiting a chance to appear before the Court.

WHAT THE TRIAL MEANS

Of course at this date it is too early to forecast the verdict of the jury, nor would an attempt to invade the regions of prophecy be at all proper. It can be safely stated that the verdict, whatever it may be, will have important effect upon the freedom of political criticism throughout the country. As to the immediate political significance of the trial, and as to its effect upon the historical record of Mr. Roosevelt's career, much has already been definitely determined. In this latter field easily the most important feature of the trial has been the presentation in concrete and extended form of evidence as to Mr. Roosevelt's relations with the political organizations with which he has had to deal. Politics for Mr. Roosevelt has meant a tug of war between the forces of democracy and the forces of political reaction. He has not hesitated to work with organization men at any time in his life merely because his "silk-stocking" critics did not approve of the entire political code of his associates. He worked with them just as long as they worked with him for the general ideals for which he has stood. Though he has been accused of being an opportunist, this has been the opportunism of the skillful swimmer who knows the folly of trying to

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swim from the Battery to Sandy Hook against the tide. There has never been any evidence presented that Mr. Roosevelt, when it came to a question of sacrificing fundamental principle or political expediency, did not let the latter go by the board, just as the skilled swimmer disregards the tide when it is a matter of saving a human life which confronts him. Mr. Roosevelt has never been like the man who deserted his church because he did not like the color of the upholstery. With him it is the faith and not the cushion that counts.

As to the effect of the trial upon the political fortunes of the plaintiff and the defendant, the general opinion of those who have been in attendance at the trial seems to be that Mr. Barnes has already suffered serious damage. That in bringing suit Mr. Barnes has departed from the paths of political wisdom is the view of a great many in sympathy with the system for which he stands. To cite a single instance: the Bayne report, which bid fair to slumber forever within the archives of the Capitol at Albany, has now been spread broadcast through the columns of almost every newspaper in the land. It is a poor advertisement for a man who desires to retain his hold upon the National organization of the Republican party.

H. T. PULSIFER.

Syracuse, April 26, 1915.

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON

"THE further they come, the harder they'll get whipped," was the terse remark of Field Marshal Sir John French, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in France and Belgium, when informed that the Germans north of Ypres had plowed through his lines to the west side of the Ypres Canal for a gain of two or three miles.

THE WAR BEGINS

The people of France, Russia, Servia, Belgium, and particularly the people of Great Britain, have been taught to believe that the advent of spring would mark the beginning of the end for Germany. In Russia they have been saying that the war will begin in June. To find the arrival of the vernal season synchronizing with a very effective convulsive move of the Germany which they had hoped was almost a corpse is very discouraging. The people of the allied nations are tired of the sort of "whipping" that their armies administer to an enemy while retreating before him. Sir John French's words were unwisely chosen.

HONORS EASY FOR THE KAISER

Indubitably the week April 21 to April 28 was Germany's. The French peeled a few more meters of territory from the German wedge at St. Mihiel, but they admitted the loss of Hartmanns-Weilerkopf in Alsace, and, even if their claim of the subsequent recapture of this place is true, the German accomplishment near Ypres is important enough to make the week's honors easy for the Kaiser, and incidentally to wipe out the memory of Neuve Chapelle.

The Ypres blow was what boxers would call a counter. It followed the stroke that gained sanguinary "Hill No. 60," south of Ypres, for the Allies. Coming near the hinge where the British trenches meet the French, it was strategically well chosen, and as a purely local engagement was very successful. The British lines which formed a salient at Langemarck were pushed inside out, so to speak, till they formed an arc from Noordschote to St. Jean, with the greatest concavity at Boesinghe, on the west bank of the Ypres Canal. What was one of the strongest points in the Allies' line is now one of the weakest.

GERMAN STRATEGY

Those critics are mistaken, however, who speak of this second battle about the only city in Belgium held by the Allies as a "second drive on Calais and the Channel." The German operations were not a "drive" at all. They were more properly comparable to the shifting clutch which a wrestler makes to get a better hold on a stubborn, straining adversary. If it was impossible to crash through

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to the Channel in November, it is trebly so now that the British have three times the strength that they then had, and the Germans know it.

This latest German offensive is merely part of the campaign of attrition which Germany embarked upon several months ago. The Germans know that the Allies will strive desperately to regain the ground lost at Ypres, and they hope in repelling these assaults to more than offset the losses they suffered on the attack. In other words, ever since the inception of the deadlock that followed the battle of the Aisne it has been Germany's hope to punish the Allies so terribly that they will be content to leave her with what she has won. As an example of the expense of the battles of this war, David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the British Exchequer, pointed out the other day that in the battle of Neuve Chapelle the British used more ammunition than they consumed in the entire Boer War.

A NEW MEANS OF KILLING

The Germans made possible their gains at Ypres by sending ahead of them in their advance a low-hanging cloud of vapor, probably chlorine gas, which, carried by a favorable wind, poisoned their enemies in the trenches over a front said to have been six kilometers long and two kilometers deep. This noxious fog, it is reported, was liberated from generators in the foremost German trenches manned by men protected by harnesses somewhat similar to the garb of deep-sea divers. The British now aver that they have devised a protection against this terrible weapon, but what the protection is they say not. If they care to, they can hoist the Germans with the latter's own petard, for at Ypres, in the summer, southwesterly winds which would blow from the Allies' lines to the German are more common than the northerly winds of early spring which carried the suffocating blanket of chlorine upon hundreds of Canadians the other day.

The use of such gases in warfare is contrary to the Hague rules and to the best usage of international warfare. From a humanitarian view-point, however, the use of such gases on soldiers is less reprehensible than several other breaches of international usage that have occurred in this war, such as the employment of civilians as shields for soldiers advancing under fire and the bombardment of defenseless towns.

BY SEA AND LAND

An atmosphere of expectancy hangs over the North Sea. England has stopped all shipping between British ports and Holland, and rumors are abroad of impending great events. Both Anglo-French and German squadrons have been reported off the coast of Norway, and cannonading has been heard off the Dutch coast. One of the commonest rumors afloat, and one of the most plausible, is that the British, under cover of their fleet, intend to land an army on the Belgian shore somewhere between Ostend and the Holland border for the purpose of flanking the Germans now fighting along the Yser Canal. Of course the Germans have done their best to fortify this shore, but it is not impossible that under a heavy fire from the British fleet a landing might be effected. On the last day of the week a despatch from Rome reports that the French cruiser Léon Gambetta had been torpedoed in the Adriatic by an Austrian submarine, with a loss of six hundred men.

IN THE EAST

In the Carpathians the *status quo* continues. Until the Russians have forced the Uzsok Pass or have been definitely flung back from its gates there will probably be nothing decisive from this field of operations.

The Dardanelles are back on the front pages of newspapers again, having figured little in the news columns since the disastrous bombardment that ended on March 20, after the Allies had lost three battle-ships. The Allies have now succeeded in putting ashore landing parties at several points on the Gallipoli Peninsula and at Kum Kale, at the Asiatic point of entrance to the Dardanelles. They have also captured Enos, in Turkey, on the Ægean Sea. The size of the Allies' army is not mentioned in the official reports, but unofficially it is estimated as about two hundred thousand men. To oppose this force the Turks and Germans have probably at least a quarter of a million men. The task before the Allies is a hard one, but they can go ahead now with more prospects of success than they could ever have had through the efforts of their fleet alone. It now seems that, aside from political considerations, as a purely military feat the effort to win Constantinople by sheer sea power was a mistake, and Winston Churchill, First Lord of the British Admiralty, is coming in for a good deal of criticism in England for making the attempt.

New York City, April 28, 1915.

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WHY MEXICO IS A THORN IN OUR SIDE

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

FIRST ARTICLE: THE PLIGHT OF THE AMERICANS

*In this and succeeding articles Mr. Whitney records the results of a recent seven months' journey through Mexico, with the express purpose of answering such questions as, What is the matter with Mexico? What is Mexico's future? What do Mexicans think of the United States? Where has our policy toward Mexico been unwise? The articles tell what the author heard and saw. The statements made are sustained by references in The Outlook's possession to persons, places, and sources of information, and in some cases by public documents. Mr. Whitney is well known as traveler, magazine writer, and correspondent, as well as for his special work in establishing high ethical standards in athletics. See the editorial on Mexico on another page.—*THE EDITORS.

ACROSS the Atlantic the Belgians faced death that their neutrality should not be violated, and we, to our enduring credit, have given prompt and practical and bountiful evidence of our indorsement of their patriotic effort to preserve treaty integrity; yet here, at our very door, a state of anarchy exists in Mexico, our treaty is broken, our own people are misused, our President flouted, and a problem developed which demands of the Monroe Doctrine an accounting of its stewardship, and which is destined to put the efficacy of that National and valued heirloom to the severest test.

Below our southern border are some ten to fifteen, perhaps twenty, thousand—two years ago it was twice that number—Americans who went there to live and to work under the guarantee of protection bestowed upon them by their citizenship in a friendly and a mighty nation, whose treaty rights have been violated ruthlessly and freely, who have been persecuted, robbed, murdered, without arousing their own Government to duty or their home folks to noticeable commiseration, practical or otherwise.

Not that the home folks lack sympathy; they lack knowledge, correct information, of a distressing and a menacing situation, which has been afforded them neither by their State Department at Washington nor, with rare exceptions, by the press of their country.

Therefore it is with a desire to help to an understanding of the conditions which obtain in Mexico, of the measure of our responsibility, of the immediate outlook, of the hardships to which our fellow men and women are subjected, that this article is presented for consideration, based on long familiarity with Mexico and Mexicans, and after an especial seven months' journey of observation which began six weeks after the landing of the United States troops at Vera Cruz—April 21, 1914—and which covered, in effect, all of Mexico.

On a small ranch in the State of San Luis Potosí, not far from the Tamaulipas line, lived in the summer of 1913 a man a little past his prime, with his daughter and niece.

From a home in the Middle Western States that had been wrecked by death they had come several years before to this new country, where the land was cheap and the soil rich, and a powerful Government invited and gave adequate guarantee of safe shelter to settlers.

So they had found and invested their all in this acreage, which by now had passed the arduous preparatory stage and was beginning to repay their faithful labor.

From time to time there had been halts in the pioneering, even reverses, but on the whole they had prospered, sufficiently at least to have built an unpretentious though comfortable house and to be able to write their home friends that the world went well with them in the new country. Then came the breaking of the peace which had held and prospered Mexico for thirty years.

The knowledge that men roamed the country round filled with the lust of bloodletting brought lurking anxiety to the little family, but they passed without molestation through the period which preceded the election of Madero, for the soldiers of Porfirio Diaz were not permitted the habit of loot, and the Constitutionalists had not then penetrated to the immediate vicinity of their property.

Quickly followed the early struggles be-

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tween Huerta and the Constitutionalists, with Villa operating in Chihuahua and Durango, and Carranza in the States of Coahuila and San Luis Potosí.

From time to time the farmer and his womenfolk heard of the marauding sallies of the ill-fed and uncontrolled Carranza troops, but always they found comfort in the feeling that their nationality would commend them to soldiers fighting anywhere to establish constitutional government, and that their birthright under the Stars and Stripes assured their safety beyond peradventure.

Thus on their farm they remained working, wholly trusting in the immunity from harm which they believed their American citizenship gave them, their hearts stirring with patriotic pride at thought of the far-reaching benediction of "Old Glory," and with gratitude, too, for every dollar they possessed and their living were represented by that little farm, to abandon which in mid-season meant ruin.

One night they were aroused by voices and loud knocking on the door. Accustomed to wayfarers and to offering the best hospitality their little home yielded, the farmer opened the door without hesitation, and admitted a group of soldiers, who instantly set upon and overpowered and rope-bound him before the women scarce realized what was happening.

Then the soldiers overpowered the niece and daughter; and every one of these individuals of the "delicate, sensitive race" with whom President Wilson seeks "spiritual union" had his share in the rape which came after.

All these facts—I withhold names for obvious reasons—were reported to Secretary of State Bryan, who passed them on to the City of Mexico for attention and explanation. Much parleying went on, but not a particle of reparation has to this writing been exacted by the United States Government for the wretched victims or for the flagrant disregard of the treaty rights under which these, its citizens, went to Mexico.

In June, following the success of the Madero revolution, a band of seventeen ex-Maderistas broke into the home of a German cotton-mill workman at Covadonga, State of Puebla. Having tied the German and his helper to a bed, all seventeen of the ex-Maderistas raped the wife in the presence of her husband—after which they bled her to death.

And then the husband and his helper were also killed.

The fiendish deed being reported home by the local Consul in the absence of his Minister, the German Government immediately sent Admiral von Hinze as Minister to Mexico, with instructions, not only to demand punishment for the perpetrators of the savagery, that such punishment might serve as a future deterrent and a protection to his other nationals, advance agents of German trade in Mexico, but also to exact from Mexico an indemnity as further recognition by that Government of its responsibility to Germany under its treaty rights and the rights under which its subjects had gone to Mexico.

The Admiral's activities resulted in the Mexican Government imprisoning fifteen suspected participants on the confession of one of the original seventeen. Meeting, however, with the usual Mexican delays in bringing the men to justice, he requested his Government to send a war-ship to Vera Cruz; and within a few days thereafter procured from the Mexican Government an agreement to pay one hundred thousand marks indemnity.

Two days before the arrival of the war-ship Bremen it was announced that all fifteen of the culprits had tunneled out of jail at Puebla. Von Hinze at once went to Puebla and satisfied himself that the men had walked out of the front door of the jail. Thereupon he returned to the City of Mexico, informed the Minister of Finance of his discoveries, and told him he had orders from the Kaiser to secure immediate payment of the indemnity agreed upon, and that if it were not paid without delay the Bremen would seize the Vera Cruz custom-house and collect from the port income the one hundred thousand marks plus the expenses of the voyage thither.

The Admiral went out of the office of the Minister of Finance with the one hundred thousand marks in his hand. A few days later five of the escaped men were captured, two being executed at once. And among the first acts of Huerta when he usurped the reins of government was to shoot the remaining three.

Albert Hoskins, an American, was the doctor of the Monte del Real Mining Company at Pachuca, in the State of Hidalgo, and held also a first lieutenant's commission in the medical corps of the United States army.

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While making the rounds of the company's ailing, one day in the early spring of 1914, he was arrested by the local *jefe*, charged with being an American spy, and literally flung into a small room having neither bed nor blankets. When he asked for blankets, the officer ordered in buckets of cold water, which were emptied over the dirt floor with the remark that such was the kind of covering for a gringo.

In such quarters, offered repeated indignity, if not brutality, and given barely food enough to escape actual starving, Hoskins was held for three days. Then he was marched through the streets of Pachuca between guards, jeered and mud-pelted by the increasingly uncontrolled crowd, all the way to the railway station and to the Mexico City train.

Arrived in Mexico City, he was again paraded for his own humiliation and the entertainment of the populace—which even when uninspired by animus dearly loves such diversion—and jailed a second time.

Several days later, when the falsity of the trumped-up charge had become too evident to present even the flimsiest excuse for holding him longer, he was taken by train to Soledad, a small town about twenty miles from Vera Cruz, and turned loose.

Beyond lodging a protest with its representative in Mexico, no action was taken in the premises by the United States Government.

In the outskirts of Tampico, an American, Nichols by name, owned and personally conducted a dairy, delivering his products in town, where he had built up quite a nice little business.

During the latter part of the Taft Administration he had been annoyed by rather bold attempts at robbery, and had grown to night-watching his cow-barn.

One night he surprised a Mexican breaking in, and, though he was able to secure a good look at him, the man got away.

The next day Nichols entered a complaint in Tampico, and was told by the officer that, while he could not spare men to make the arrest, he would give the American such an order if he so desired. So Nichols went home from headquarters with an official order of arrest for the man he had so nearly caught the night before.

Within the day he found his man, but while bringing him to town in the night the Mexican succeeded in eluding Nichols, who fired into the dark after him, and then continued on to town to report the escape. Destiny directed the bullet. The next day the Mexican was found dead not many yards from where Nichols had caught a last glimpse of him as he disappeared from view.

Nichols was arrested without opportunity to notify his family or Consul, held *incommunicado*, and treated with unwarranted harshness; in a word—an unpleasant word for which I apologize—he was confined in the common urinal of the jail. Those acquainted with the unsanitary conditions prevalent in Mexico will realize the misery and the danger of such a cell.

The American Consul, when he became aware of Nichols's plight, was unable, through official representations to the local authorities, to ease the milkman's situation. Meantime, while "representations" continued making, the natural happened; the prisoner fell ill of fever contracted in the noisome hole in which his Government permitted him to remain.

And now the Consul sought to have the very sick man removed to a hospital, and, denied such permission at Tampico, brought the matter to the attention of the American Ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, at Mexico City.

Whatever errors Mr. Wilson may have subsequently committed, indifference to the unjust treatment of his fellow-countrymen was never among them. At once he took up the case with the Governor of Tamaulipas, and, failing to obtain from that worthy the authority to have Nichols transferred to a hospital, went direct to President Madero, to whom he vigorously presented a statement of the cruelty and injustice to which the man was subjected. But Madero was as indifferent as his Governor.

At this stage in the endeavor to get a square deal for his compatriot, Mr. Wilson, revealing intimate knowledge of the Mexican character, asked his Government for a war-ship, and the Chester was ordered to Tampico. With the Chester in port, the Ambassador again waited upon Madero and demanded that Nichols be removed to a hospital. And Nichols was forthwith removed to a hospital, and, when luckily he had recovered, given the fair trial to which he was entitled.

This was Francisco I. Madero, the same Madero in whose favor the United States had

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permitted gross and frequent violation of our neutrality laws when he rebelled against the Diaz Government; the same Madero whom the United States had again favored by preventing arms to get across the border to Orozco, thus killing the effort of that red-handed leader to unseat his chief.

In the second week or thereabouts of last December (1914) two Englishmen were set upon and murdered by some Mexicans at their mine near Nacozari, in the northern part of the State of Sonora.

The case was taken up instantly and vigorously by England through its Consul at Douglas, Arizona, the nearest post of a British representative, and within two weeks two of the murderers had been arrested by the Mexican authorities and shot.

In northern Chihuahua last November (1914) three Americans were waylaid by a party of so-called Mexican "bandits," shot, then tied to horses, and dragged until dead, as their recovered mutilated bodies showed only too clearly.

As I say, the mutilated bodies, piteously eloquent of the atrocity, have been recovered; but official United States action thus far is described by the announcement from Washington that "the case has been reported to the State Department."

During almost the entire period between January, 1914, and the middle of the succeeding May, while the Constitutionalists struggled to capture the port of Tampico from the Federals, roving bands and guerrilla warfare infested the entire region thereabout, endangering American life and millions of dollars of American and English oil property.

The Americans appealed to their Government to warn the Mexicans of this hazard to foreign life and property, urging that the actual oil-fields be declared a neutral zone, for the good and sufficient reasons: (1) that they were from ten to fifty and more miles from the city and port where the rival armies were in veritable contact; (2) that the storage tanks, so easily destroyed, alone represented hundreds of thousands of dollars; and (3) that the firing of a well by one of the many badly directed shrapnel shells would accomplish its complete ruin.

It was a vain appeal. The indecisive skirmishing went on; swirled and zigzagged whither it listed, undiminished, unrestrained; and when at length the Federals walked out and General Pablo Gonzales and his Constitutionalists walked in and the city was officially "taken," the foreigners reckoned their losses to a very considerable sum in cattle, horses, warehouses, and oil.

About a year later, or, to be exact, in mid-January, 1915, Venustiano Carranza, with his "headquarters" at Vera Cruz and his office in the lighthouse at the open seaway—pursuing to the last the plundering, obstructionist habit he has made so familiar and so notorious since his first coming to Mexico City in the summer of 1914—put an embargo on the oil exports of an American and of a British owned company, because they refused to pay his extortionate tax, and threatened, in addition, to confiscate the plant of the latter.

The British Ambassador at Washington at once "made urgent representations to the State Department," and the next day Secretary Bryan announced through the press that the United States Government had notified Carranza that "serious consequences may follow" his threatened action against foreign-owned oil plants at Tampico.

And the oil companies forthwith proceeded to do business.

Now, the purpose of this distressing and wholly unprejudiced recital—taken from a full note-book of such things—is by no means only to lift into view the obstacles put in the way of legitimate business in Mexico, or to uncover the horrors, of which there have been a sickening many, that have fallen upon foreign men and women in that country, but to illustrate the difference in attitude towards their nationals by Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, the practical results of their respective methods, and the influence of those respective methods upon native regard for and conduct towards the respective nationals of the said great Powers.

And it is the last—viz., the rôle a country plays in establishing a respected status for its nationals—that I wish especially to emphasize as most germane to the situation in which Americans now living in Mexico find themselves, and the one which not only explains much of what has happened to our countrymen and countrywomen in Mexico, but also accounts for the new and contemptuous pose of Mexico towards the United States.

The practical result of England's well-known consideration for her subjects abroad invites respect for the Briton wherever he

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goes, as much on account of wholesome fear of his Government as for esteem of himself. That he or the Frenchman or the German has endured indignities in the recent history of Mexico is because the United States, under the Monroe Doctrine, has taken from these foreigners the free hand of their own governments and given in return but slightly better protection than to its own citizens. The United States has neither protected them nor allowed them to protect themselves. Such a condition is of course as intolerable as it is unfair and hostile, and one day the Administration at Washington will hear that we must either live up to the self-imposed responsibilities of this Monroe Doctrine or shelve it.

No demonstration against her subjects or boycott of her manufactures followed Germany's austerity, apropos of Covadonga, because the Kaiser's action implied strength and determination that Mexico should comply with her treaty obligations, and thereby impressed the necessity for respect upon the general Mexican mind—as the collective mind of a partially developed people must invariably be impressed if peaceful, equitable relations are to prevail. It is a-b-c to every man of experience that among a more or less primitive or half-civilized people, such as the Mexicans are to within almost seven-eighths of their total number, you must dominate, always justly and without a waver, or you must get out of the country.

Maintenance of native respect for the foreign workers among them is indispensably essential to advance in education, to material welfare for the natives, or to safety for the foreigners, as well as to reciprocal and desirable trade relations with the respective governments.

No new foreman, foreign or native, ever went on the job in Mexico but had his "savvy"—fitness conveys the nearest thought—his discipline, and his courage well tried out by his gang; and no man ever adventured successfully into the wilderness with an expedition of natives without early making good his title to lead them. It is the instinctive recognition of racial superiority from the half to the fully developed folk that they serve whom they respect; and they respect what they fear; and they fear only the latent retributive force.

The Germans to-day are probably the most popular of foreigners with native Mexico; they come and go when they will (they even paraded in anti-American demonstrations in Guadalajara!); they are extending their trade, or rather were before the war. When the *ciudadela* (citadel) in Mexico City was seized by Felix Diaz in February, 1913, and those fearsome ten days of fighting in the city began between him and Huerta, bringing death to six or seven hundred soldiers and over three thousand non-combatants, the majority of them women, as well as destruction to many buildings on and outside the ostensible line of fire, the family of President Madero sought asylum in the German Legation.

Germans in Mexico enjoy the prestige their Kaiser has established through exacting of Mexico compliance with her treaty; they enjoy immunity from bushwhacking and persecution because Germany has demonstrated that she will not allow it, that she will protect her subjects who are pursuing their legitimate vocations in Mexico under certain definite treaty rights; they go about their affairs unmolested because they command the respect which every one, high or low, civilized or uncivilized, has for the man who is strong in his right.

Americans are living, doing business, in Mexico under similar and equal treaty rights; but they do not enjoy a like immunity and respect, for the sole reason that their Government has failed to exact it. Americans know this to be due to a strange, preconceived notion on the part of their President as to the Mexican character and conditions of the country—a notion entirely unsupported by evidence—and because of his stubborn effort to raise an ideal which is impracticable and would be literally harmful in the present state of the unawakened Mexican conscience.

But the Mexicans think and say it is because we fear them.

And that is the very nub of our trouble in Mexico, which has brought infamous injustice to our nationals, which has kept and is keeping us on the edge of armed intervention, and which will continue, despite official assurances to the contrary and a personal envoy from the President fresh every month, to keep us in the same state and at the same risk in Mexico until the United States Government reassumes its responsibility, temporarily shirked by the present Administration, and exacts of Mexico fulfillment of her treaty promises, the full protection of American life, and the right to legitimate trade free from disingenuous, harassing, and unfair levies of the Carranza brand.

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SHE WILL NOT HEAR

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

She will not hear you if you sing,
Bluebird and whitethroat of the spring!
Why did you stay away so long,
She wearying for your song?

She will not notice if you pass,
Sweet airs that woo the meadow grass!
Why could you not have spread, more fleet,
Soft carpet for her feet?

She will not see the crocus rise,
Nor smile into the violet's eyes;
Pale dogwood bloom from winter snow
My darling will not know.

You come too late! too late, too late,
O longed-for spring! She tried to wait,
Wistful your breathing joys to share.
Come now,—she will not care!

FROM A MOTOR IN MAY

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

The leaves of autumn and the buds of spring
Meet and commingle on our winding way—
And we, who glide into the heart of May,
Sense in our souls a sudden quivering.
What though the flash of blue or scarlet wing
Bid us forget the night in dawning day,
Skies of November, sullen, sad, and gray,
Once hung above this withered covering.
There is no spring that autumn has not known,
Nor any autumn spring has not divined,—
The odor of dead flowers on the wind
Shall but enrich a fairer blossoming;
And though they shiver from a breeze outblown,
The leaves of autumn guard the buds of spring!

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THE WAR AND DEMOCRACY

BY ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"THE proof of democracy," says an American sage, is, "does it democ?" Just now that question comes home to all civilized mankind. Up to July 23, 1914, every significant nation in the world from Montenegro to British Columbia had at least the appearance of the admission of the people to a share in their own government. Democracy was considered the ripest flower of the highest civilization. Out of the nine Great Powers of the world, three—the United States, France, and China—were republics in form; and in each of the other six—Great Britain, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, and Japan—the representatives of the people had established their right to share the government with the personal sovereign.

To-day six of those nine Powers are plunged into the heat of the fray, and in every one democracy seems for the time being submerged. In not one of those countries are the people or their representatives now legislating for the crisis or keeping the ministerial executives in control by questions and criticisms upon military affairs. Nor does it appear that the people at large or the voters in any country resent this exclusion from a part in the great decisions that are being made. We hear vaguely of bread riots; but the only constitutional crisis that has come about in the eight months of the war has been the change of the Foreign Minister in Austria-Hungary from an Austrian to a Hungarian. In England a few criticisms of the Government are made in the public press, most of which are received by the public as disloyal utterances; none appear in Germany except a few rare complaints by Socialist members of the Reichstag. There is no public opinion—or, rather, public opinion compels every one not only to support the war but to support it with vehemence.

In the strongly monarchical countries of Russia, Germany, and Austria-Hungary the authority was naturally retained by the Emperor and his immediate group of councilors and officers. In all three countres the army and navy are closely centralized, and Parliaments have never had much to do with them except to vote upon the terms of service and the money credits. It is only about a year since the German Reichstag, by a vote of 293 to 54, expressed its discontent at the ill treatment of the civilians of Zabern by military officers; nevertheless, Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg refused to resign, and allowed the officers to be acquitted by court martial. In France and England the legislative bodies have for many years been accustomed to take a lively part in government while war was going on. Not even in the Boer War of 1899–1900, nor in the serious likelihood of wars involving France in 1905 and 1911, did those bodies abdicate their functions. They have done so now. For when the representatives of the people are silent the necessary decisions are not postponed; they are simply made by the executive. In this war the civil authorities have either given *carte blanche* to the military or have accepted and carried out their will.

Is this the end of European democracy? Will example and military pressure cause the end of American democracy? Are the people of the world giving over their destinies to the judgment of a handful of statesmen and warriors practically designated by themselves? Have the peoples as a whole no wisdom left? Is there a difference in the make-up of the human mind between times of war and times of peace? Or, when the cyclone is past, will the owners of the various ships of state again claim their right to their own property? These critical questions come home with peculiar force to the people of the United States, for popular government in America depends upon the power of democracy to stand and repel the shock of militarism.

One reason for the atrophy of parliaments is that in every belligerent country the people accepted the war when it broke out, took it up, made it their own, and are carrying it on as a national duty. In every country the thinking people, as well as the unthinking, were convinced that their country had been unjustly and maliciously attacked, and would be destroyed unless the population rallied to the support of the Government. The way for this conviction was prepared by a long propaganda in newspapers, periodicals, and books, especially in Germany, Great Britain, and France. For more than ten years writers in all three countries have tried to arouse their

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countrymen to a belief that they were in imminent danger of invasion by implacable enemies.

For example, in 1897 an English admiral in the "Fortnightly Review" declared that "if Germany were extinguished to-morrow there is not an Englishman in the world who would not be richer." In 1912 Bernhardi's book stated more clearly than previous writers the aspirations and dangers of Germany, and demanded for her "world power or downfall." Cartoons, pamphlets, and elaborate books have set forth the grievances of various countries, and have suggested methods of carrying on "the next war." In eastern Europe a campaign of hate has been going on ever since the Turkish Revolution of 1908. The Austrians and the Hungarians had been gradually accumulating a reservoir of wrath against the Servians, because of their manifest hope to split off the Serb provinces from Austria-Hungary. The Russians have been nursing resentment ever since 1908, when they had not the military strength to resist the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria.

In the French school geographies Alsace-Lorraine has for years been shown in a different color from the rest of Germany. Treitschke long ago taught his countrymen that "England is to-day the shameless representative of barbarism in international law." Before the war broke out thousands of respectable people who could not bring themselves to believe unproved evil of their own friends and neighbors, the people whom they knew best, were convinced that unknown English men and women, Russians, Germans, or Servians, were sodden with crime and thirsting for other people's blood.

All this in spite of decades of efforts to bring people into a better understanding with each other, and a conscious effort to found a kind of world democracy of men of science, letters, and business. Students have traveled from country to country; fellowships have been founded for foreigners; professors have been exchanged; addresses delivered by men from other countries. There has been an era of world congresses of physicians, of historians, of electricians, of engineers. Considerable groups of business men have traveled about to make themselves acquainted with the spirit of foreign countries. When the crisis came, of course, every man adhered to his own country; one cannot serve two masters. Was it also necessary for every man to deny his own experience of the character, courtesy, and high-mindedness of his foreign friends? Philosophic Eucken rolls under his tongue as a sweet morsel a denunciation of "Servian accessories to murder; Russian lust for conquest; English perfidiousness; and, at last, Japanese scoundrelism, all united." On the other side, the Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow declares the war to be "Christianity against paganism, the Cross and its civilization against the Crescent and its barbarism; against the even worse—because deliberate and calculated—barbarism of the War Lord."

It is a fair question whether most of these good people who enjoy bad language would not have been just as sure of the greatness of their respective nations and the wisdom of their leaders if they had been told that all the monarchs and all the ministers were convinced that there was no sufficient cause for war. The trouble in such crises is that it is impossible for the people to form a judgment as to the danger, because they have not the facts. They must rely on somebody to judge of the crisis as a whole. In the United States, we should expect the Senators and Representatives of the National Congress in such a crisis to be the people's eyes and lips. Congress might be more belligerent than the President, as it was at the beginning of the Spanish War in 1898; but Congress then believed that its constituents expected the action they took, and that was why only one member of the House ventured to suggest even a brief delay. Let the name of Boutelle, of Maine, be remembered as that of a brave and honest man who wished at least to give public opinion an opportunity to form.

When the pinch came in Europe, not a single one of the national legislatures based on popular representation did its duty. The facts are obvious and dangerous. At the time the war broke out four of these bodies were actually in session or could be immediately summoned. The Parliament of Great Britain, the Reichstag of Germany, the Senate and Chamber of France, and the Russian Duma were in existence, filled with national concern, ready to give their wisdom toward the great decisions that had to be made. Not one of them was consulted till after the war had actually broken out. Sir Edward Grey's first definite statement to Parliament was on the 3d of August, a day after he had committed his nation to the protection of the French coast. The Reichstag was consulted on

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August 4, when Germany was already at war both with Russia and with France. Premier Viviani made an imperfect statement to the Chamber on August 3, and not till August 5 did he fully explain the situation. The Russian Duma was called in special session August 8, seven days after war had broken out with Germany. The Japanese Diet was in session and acquiesced in the war; but when, later, it would not vote the military measures which the Prime Minister thought necessary, it was dissolved and a new election ordered. In Austria-Hungary there is no federal parliament; but neither the Austrian nor the Hungarian Parliament was consulted, either as to the ultimatum sent to Servia, July 23, or on the attitude of the Imperial Government toward the various propositions for mediation or toward a direct understanding with Russia.

When summoned, every Parliament practically abdicated; and probably would not have been allowed to remain in session if it had not been expected to abdicate. Representative democracy in Europe seems almost to have disappeared for the time being. In not one of those countries are the people, through their representatives, now legislating for their extraordinary needs, or keeping track of the manner in which their affairs are carried out by ministerial executives, or putting questions which might imply a lack of confidence in any military man or action. All the Parliaments receive prodigious measures and vote them without assuming the right to alter a hair's breadth. The British Parliament strove for nearly two centuries to acquire control over the purse; and is now ready to vote a thousand million dollars in a paragraph without so much as a suggestion as to the destination and use of the money. Enough that it is to be spent by the military men in carrying on the war. The German Diet voted the supply asked for by the Government with only one negative vote. Numerous statutes solemnly enacted after long and careful discussion by the legislative authority are now superseded or ignored by votes of the Bundesrath in Germany, or by Orders in Council issued by the British Ministry under a general authority from Parliament. That conquered provinces should be governed by military commanders who levy contributions, assess fines on the cities, and exercise the power of life and death, is not remarkable. So much was done in the Philippines by the American military authorities. It is, however, an amazing spectacle to see the interior of lands which have hardly as yet seen an enemy—England, Scotland, Ireland, Brandenburg, Bavaria, and southern France—practically governed by martial law.

The picture of the apparent abdication of popular government in Europe has been deliberately drawn in strong colors because it is a part of a problem to which the people of the United States are now directing their minds. In not a single European country have the people any intention of giving up the hard-earned right to share in their own government. There is no reason to doubt that the German Socialists, for instance, will continue to send to the Reichstag a large number of their representatives. Some of the oppressed classes at the bottom of the social and political scale may come to their own. If Jews in Poland and gypsies in Rumania can die for their country, have they not earned the right to live in it on equal terms? The blind confidence of the various peoples, their sacrifices, their heroism, ought to be a living lesson that they are capable of helping to direct the destinies of their land. The Duma, which has stood by the Czar and the aristocracy of Russia, can hardly be treated in this furnace flame as a set of visionary radicals. The war ought to draw the social classes of every country closer together.

The real reason for the present state of democracy is obviously that the people of every nation believe that their only hope of victory is in concentration of their force. What they have really done is to constitute groups of dictators for the time being. Never was there a greater mistake than to suppose that the Emperor Francis Joseph and Kaiser Wilhelm II are tyrants who have usurped power. Authority has been deposited in their hands because national armies directed by a single impulse are doubly as effective as armies acting separately. We of the United States know that full well, because General Grant, in 1864, was the first man to insist that the Eastern and Western armies should move at the same time and with a common purpose; and that is why Grant and Sherman and Thomas and Farragut finished up the war. Even in our war the legal authority was concentrated in the hands of President Lincoln. No military critic would admit that the Senate and House at that time contributed much to military efficiency. The main service of

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Congress was to keep the Government in touch with the people at large, to maintain enthusiasm through four dragging years. The Germans are right and the English are right in their feeling that the whole country must pool its issues, must concentrate its confidence, must accept great decisions made by a few self-chosen people.

For the national dangers are terrific. Every belligerent except Russia has thrown into the fray its existence on the scale which it deems respectable. If Great Britain is defeated, she will lose a great part of her colonies and the naval prestige accumulated during three centuries. If Austria is defeated, she may be dismembered. If Servia is defeated, she becomes a province of Austria, which to the Servians is a repulsive Nirvana. The Belgians have been defeated and for the time being have gone off the map of Europe. When we are in such danger is no time to stickle on a vote or a parliamentary inquiry.

All the European countries are much more familiar than we are in the United States with capital decisions made by others than legislators. They have a tradition of royal prerogative enhanced by the titles, distinctions, rewards, and promotions which are at the disposal of the sovereign. In England treaties are made by the Ministry and submitted to Parliament for discussion after they have gone into effect. In France the Ministry and the individual Ministers use large authority to bind the individual even in time of peace. Imperial rescripts, royal orders, and ministerial minutes have the force of law; and accordingly Europeans do not feel the same sense of usurpation that would be roused by similar action in this country.

Hence it is idle to suppose that the war may result in the overthrow of European thrones except perhaps in the Balkans. King George and perhaps Victor Emmanuel of Italy are the only royal sovereigns whose jobs might be endangered; because the difference between their being kings and being simply an Englishman or an Italian is already small. The Russians, the Austrians, and the Germans have no national conception of a government without a crown.

Will the war also enhance the representative part of the various governments? That depends in large degree upon the success of republican France and essentially democratic England. The world is bound to take notice of the relative efficiency of popular and aristocratic governments. The ordinary voter is not a political philosopher, and if England and France win through, even by dispensing with the parliamentary régime for the time being, the people will feel that democracy has triumphed. They will feel so rightly, because it will be a proof that countries brought up under popular government, in which the military and naval systems and preparations are subject to parliamentary control, can hold their own against armies officered, trained, and directed by a more nearly absolute system. Rome was no less a republic after Cincinnatus returned to his plow. Some republics have perished in similar crises because the commanders of the army and navy have turned upon their creators; but nobody has the slightest dread of a King Kitchener the First, or an Emperor Joffre Premier, or even an Emperor Hindenburg, Duke of the Masurian Lakes. It is a fine tribute to democracy that nobody dreads the Man on Horseback.

The success of the combination of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey would reaffirm the Oriental type of government in the Turkish Empire, in which the Young Turks, with all their efforts, have not been able to establish an actual parliamentary Government, and are ruled by a self-perpetuated cabal. Thereafter Turkey would stand toward Germany in the relation that Egypt occupied toward Great Britain down to the present war—a nominally independent nation, while actually in complete dependence on its sponsor.

As for Austria-Hungary, it seems impossible that the Slav elements in a reconstituted empire should not gain more liberty and right of self-expression than in times past. They deserve something, for they have inflicted a big scare upon the monarchy yet have not revolted. The present forms of democracy may be expected to continue in Germany; for the German Reichstag, with its manhood suffrage, was organized by Bismarck so as to give to the smaller states substantial representation in the Empire. Doubtless success in war would somewhat exalt Prussianism, militarism, distinctions of classes and military methods of government, which seem to outsiders so contrary to the genuine spirit of democracy. The future trend from or toward democracy will depend on who is the victor.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

"WHY MEXICO IS A THORN IN OUR SIDE"

This photograph comes to The Outlook from Mr. Caspar Whitney, the first of whose articles, entitled "Why Mexico Is a Thorn in Our Side," appears in this issue. Villa is in the foreground on the left, Zapata next to him on the right. In sending us this photograph Mr. Whitney states that it was taken in the National Palace, Mexico City, on the day of the big joint parade last November, when the Villa and Zapata forces united for a triumphal procession after Obregon and Blanco of the Carranza forces had evacuated the city

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MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS ATTORNEY, MR. J. M. BOWERS, COMING OUT OF THE COURT-HOUSE AT THE NOON RECESS

Mr. Roosevelt may be seen touching his hat in response to the greetings of the crowd. Mr. Bowers is at Mr. Roosevelt's side immediately to the reader's left

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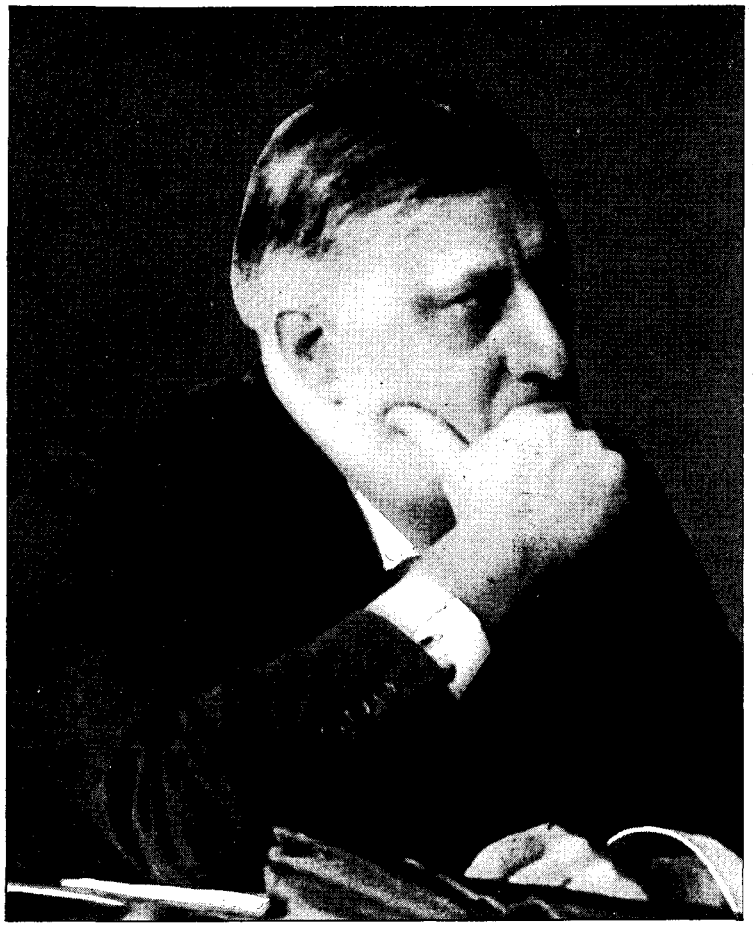

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MR. BARNES LISTENING TO MR. ROOSEVELT'S TESTIMONY

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MR. ROOSEVELT MAKING A GOOD WITNESS FOR HIMSELF

THE ROOSEVELT-BARNES CASE AT SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

See editorial correspondence describing this trial, which has attracted universal interest

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

AN AMERICAN LEADER IN THE WORK OF HELPING STRICKEN SERVIA

Dr. Richard P. Strong, whose picture appears above, and who is in Servia as a leader of the American Sanitary Commission which is endeavoring to save that country from the ravages of typhus fever, has had extensive experience in the study of contagious and infectious diseases. He was born in 1872, at Fortress Monroe, Virginia; received his degree of M.D. from Johns Hopkins in 1897; studied in Germany; investigated tropical diseases for the U. S. Government in the Philippine Islands; and has been Professor of Tropical Medicine in Harvard

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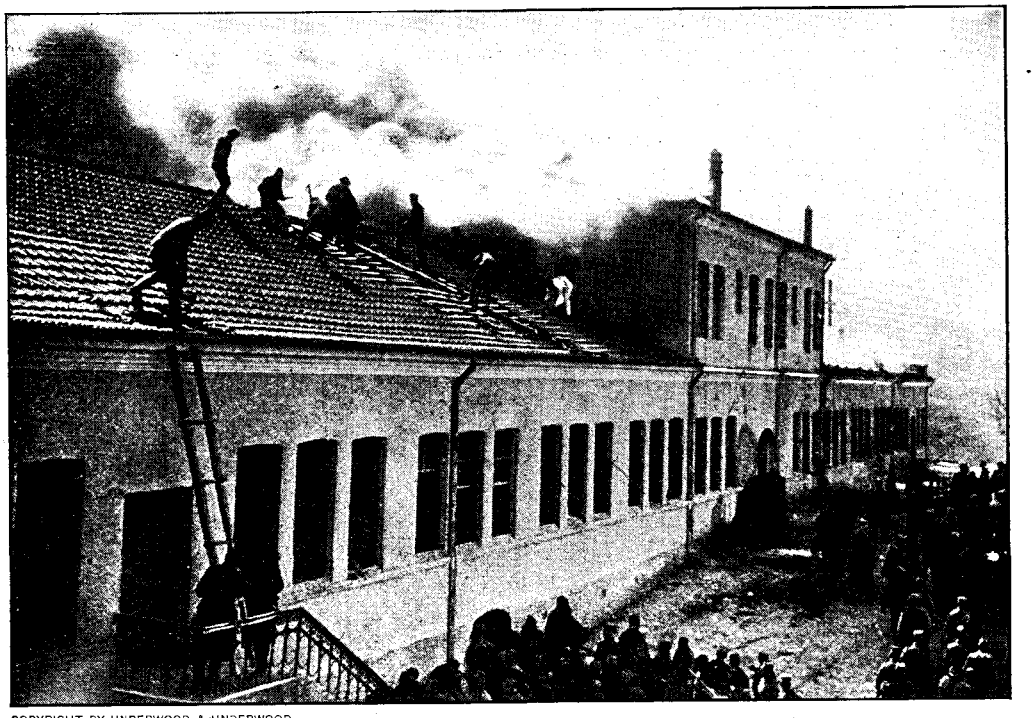

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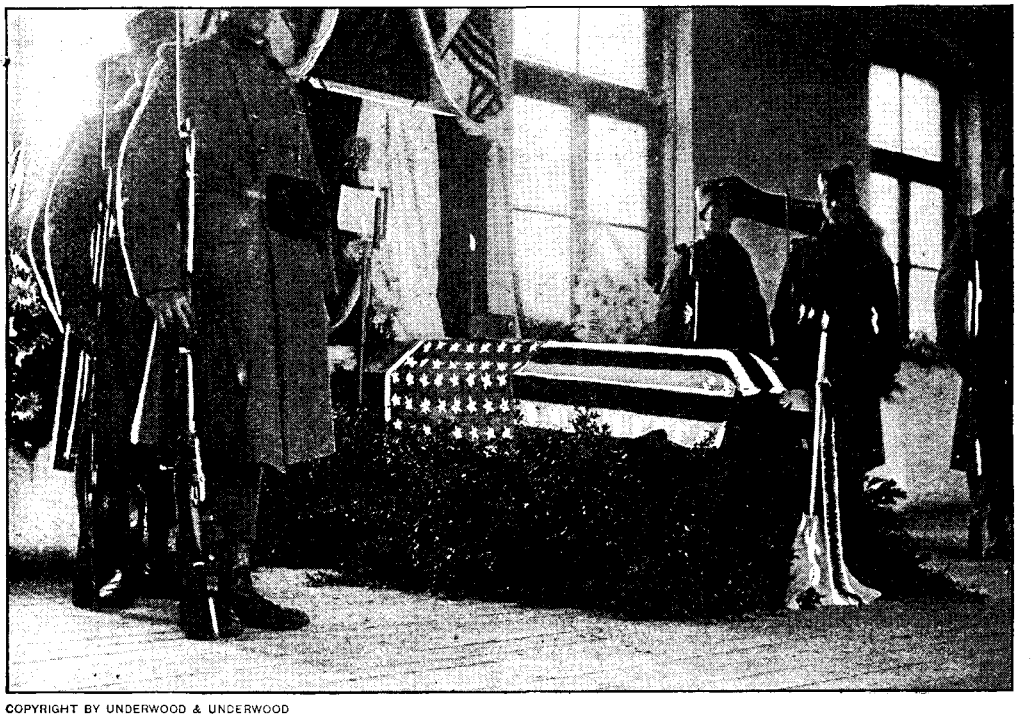
A TYPHUS HOSPITAL IN SKOPLJE, SERVIA, CATCHES FIRE, BRINGING ADDED MISERY TO 300 PATIENTS WHO WERE TURNED OUT OF THEIR SICK-BEDS INTO THE STREETS



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THE STARS AND STRIPES ENSHROUD THE REMAINS OF AN AMERICAN PHYSICIAN WHO DIED FIGHTING THE PLAGUE IN SERVIA

Dr. John M. Kara, of Chicago, the physician who thus died in the cause of humanity, was attached to the Rush Medical College when he accepted an offer to go to Servia in a company of four physicians and eight nurses sent by Mr. John W. Frothingham, of New York, as the "Frothingham Unit." Dr. Kara was an accomplished linguist, speaking English, French, German, Bohemian, Italian, and Polish

SERVIA IN THE CLUTCH OF PESTILENCE

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"THE FIRST MORO BOYS EVER KNOWN TO BE KIND TO POOR, HELPLESS ANIMALS"

PHILIPPINE BOY SCOUTS CLEANING UP THEIR VILLAGE

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

For an account of this civilizing enterprise see editorial pages

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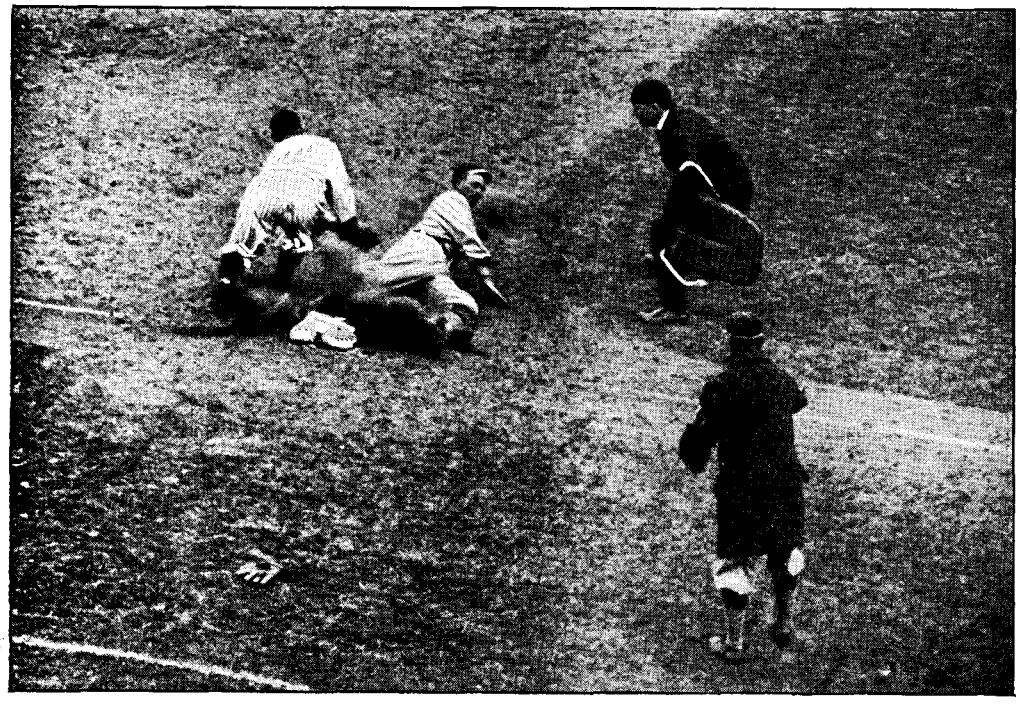
"OUT AT HOME"



"SAFE AT THIRD"

THRILLING MOMENTS FOR THE BASEBALL "FANS"—TWO CLOSE DECISIONS

The crowd of excited spectators at a big League game of baseball often question the umpire's decision, but the camera usually justifies the ruling of that expert, who has the advantage of being closer to the play than any of the onlookers. These pictures were taken at the opening game of the "Yankees" vs. Washingtons at the Polo Grounds in New York City

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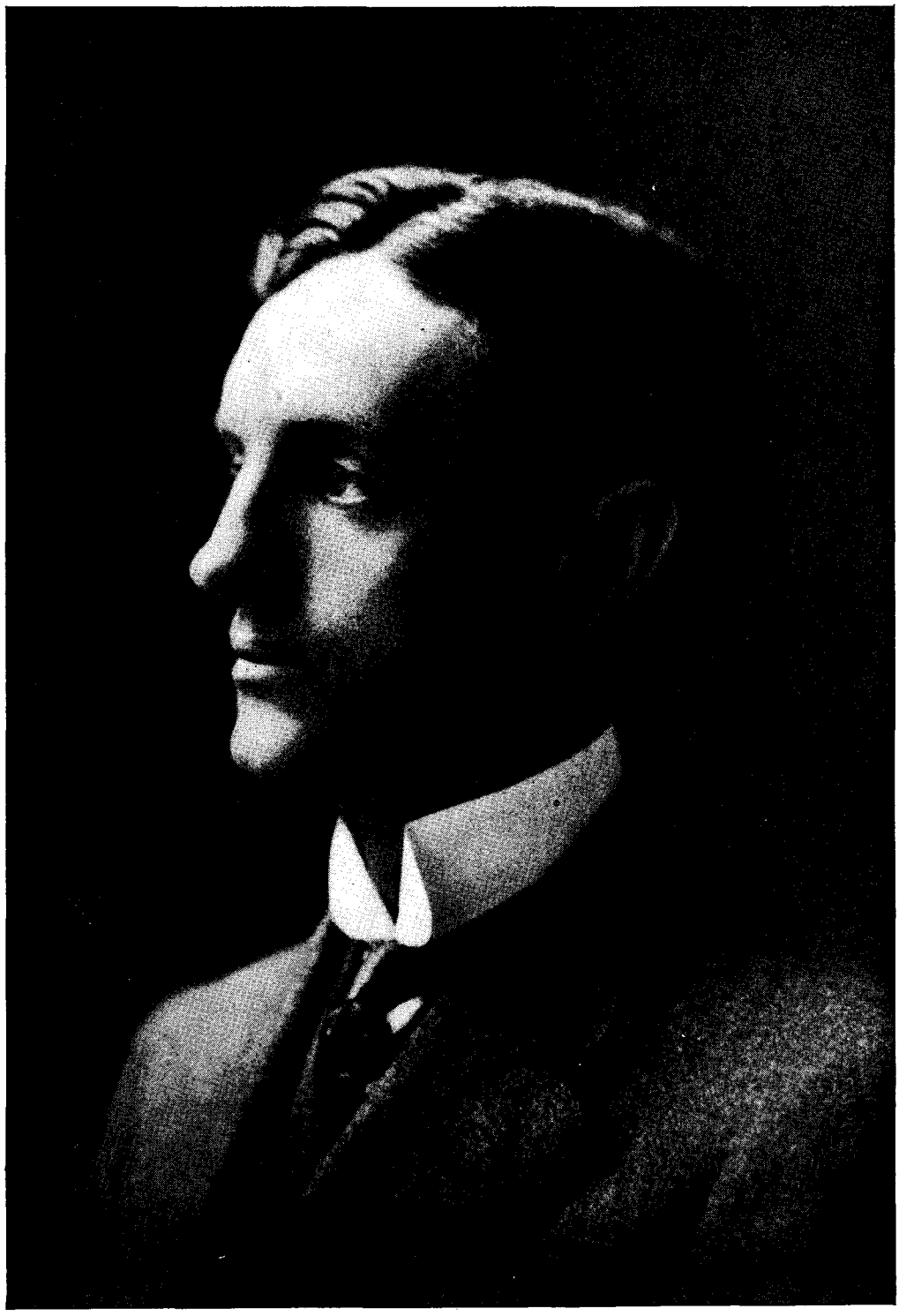

EDWARD KIDDER GRAHAM, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Dr. Graham, who has just assumed his duties as President, though for some time he has been acting President of the University, is a North Carolinian by birth. He is a graduate of the University of which he is now the head, and for sixteen years has been associated with it in various capacities. For an account of his inauguration and of the work of the University see editorial pages]

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NATALKA'S MATRIMONIAL ESCAPES

BY NATALIE RANDAL LIVESAY

NATALKA, my maid from Galicia in my Winnipeg home, was very sympathetic about the lace-pin I had lost by means of my misplaced confidence in an innocent-looking damsel from Bukovina. We looked at the German-silver knives and forks presented to me last Christmas by the aforesaid damsel, and Natalka sorrowfully agreed that they were part of a "premium" lifted by that damsel from her former employer, who kept a Jew store.

"But say, it's awful to have people say you stole when you didn't," she said, after a speculative silence. "When I was fourteen, I was working for some Jew people, and they fixed things so it looked as if I'd taken five dollars. So I had—the man gave it to me for my month's wages. I had it in my pocket. He said he had lost a purse with that amount in it. Well, I was only a kid, but I was pretty sharp. He said he'd call in the police, and I said, 'Go ahead! Search me now and search the bedroom, but you make your neighbor's wife come in while you do it. I want her for a witness that you didn't find no purse on me, if you did find my wages.'

"He talked an awful lot, but he didn't do any searching, and finally he said: 'Get out, but you've got to leave your clothes!'

"'All right,' I said; 'but I'll take the five dollars, mind you.' That was pretty brave, for in Galicia if you get into the police court you're pretty sure to go to jail—they don't bother much about evidence. And I didn't suppose any one would believe me. Gee, I felt bad! I didn't know what to do, for I knew my mother would want those clothes.

"I went into a church and I asked the man for two candles. He looked at me pretty hard, but he sold them, and I lit them and knelt before the altar. Then I did an awful thing. Now I've grown up, I feel it was pretty bad, all right, but I didn't then. I prayed—goodness how hard I prayed all while those candles were burning!

"I said: 'If I stole, then, God, I want you to punish me good and plenty; do anything you like, and I won't say a word! But if he was trying to get me into trouble, then give him lots of it!'

"Say, do you know that a few weeks after the Jew man's baby was being washed by its mother and she scalded its feet terribly! When I heard that, I cried awful hard. Of course I should never have prayed like that. And six months later that Jew man was arrested for selling bad fruit on the street, and he got a couple of months in jail. I forgot to say they sent back my clothes and said they had found the purse where the children had hidden it. All the same, I bet they gave it to the children to hide.

"When I was sixteen, my mother wanted me to get married. In Austria, you know, girls of that age have to marry the man chosen by their parents, no matter whether they love some one else or not. My sister, for instance, had to give up her lover because he was a conscript, and my mother made her marry another fellow, who drinks and has made her very unhappy. I remember how she cried on her wedding day. In Austria mothers are like stepmothers. I was younger than my sister was, but I guess I always had more will of my own.

"After we came to this country my mother picked out a rich man for me; but, say, when he took me to see his house I had to keep looking at what was in it, he was so ugly.

"That night he was talking downstairs to my mother. I went to bed early, but my room was just above and I kept the door open. I can tell you, I didn't go to sleep. There they were, planning away as to when the wedding was to be, and how much it would cost—three weeks later, and it would take four hundred dollars. And my mother was asking all about the furniture he was to get for his big house. I felt like calling down and saying, 'Don't forget the piano!'

"I saw I'd got to do something pretty quick, so I tied my clothes in a bundle and left the house that night. Those were days when it was easy to get work at good wages in Winnipeg, and I went to a restaurant on a side street and got a job as a waitress. For a whole month I never went outside, I was so scared I would meet my mother or some one who knew me. Then, by bad luck, I got a boil on the arm, and the boss said I must go. I didn't want to go home, but it seemed that was the only thing left to do. My mother was working out by the day, so I stole into the house and got into bed.

"When she came in, she said: 'Well, it's

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you, is it? You've given me a lot of bother. I made sure you'd drowned yourself in the Red River because I wanted you to marry that ugly old man.'

"Somehow I knew she was glad I hadn't flung myself in the river, and I laughed and said: 'Sure not; we don't live in Czernowitz any more; this is good old Winnipeg, and don't you forget it!'"

The days came and went, but I did not get my promised invitation to Natalka's wedding. As the days passed I concluded that something had gone wrong, and so the event proved. This is how Natalka explained things:

"You see, he was too shy, and he was Polish, while I am Ruthenian. That's bad, but the shyness is worst. I told him straight that I would be married in my own church, and finally he agreed. Then we had to go and see my priest and arrange for the wedding.

"'You speak to priest and tell him about me,' he said. That made me good and mad, and I said, 'Look here, I'll speak for myself, but when he asks you questions you give him the good word yourself.'

"Well, that man was sure the limit! The priest asked him if he had ever been married before, and things like that, and he looked at me, as dumb as a dog. I kept my eyes on the floor then, and I guess I must have looked pretty cross, for the priest finally said:

"'Look here, what's the matter with you two? Don't you want to be married?'

"He didn't say nothing, but I told the priest straight how it was. I says that I don't want to marry no such a man—what would I do with a husband who hasn't a word to say for himself? I sure would be ashamed of him, and that's a fact. 'For two years he has bothered me to marry him; and my people said I had made him think I would be his wife, so, though I cried all last week, I told him to go ahead. Now that's all; I'm done with him, and I'm glad of it.'

"The priest asked him, 'Is that right?' and he said, 'That's true.' Then the priest said, 'You two children go home.' That man just asked me once why I acted like that, and I told him once. He won't need no second time to ask.

"Well, two days after a young fellow came to see me from the farm near where my mother lives. I had gone with him now and then, but I didn't know he cared anything about me. Say, when he heard I was going to be married to that baker he was just wild, and he came to the city and tried to find me. Well, it was all pretty quick, but I said, 'Yes,' if he wanted, I'd marry him. You see, he was a nice fellow, a Ruthenian—I had to speak Polish to the other fellow, and it was an awful nuisance; then I like farming better than city life, and he had a nice house. So we went that same day to my priest again. He laughed when he saw me and he said, 'Well, you didn't lose much time, that's a fact. This man has a mustache, eh?' 'Yes, he's older,' I said. I didn't say nothing else. But, my goodness, everything went all to pieces again. Unless we got married right away, the great fast that comes six weeks before Christmas would be on—what the Russians call Belikie Post, when you can't take milk, or meat, or butter, and when no one can get married. We wanted to be married at the farm, where my mother could make the wedding feast, and the priest only comes to that place once a month—so that would be too late.

"'Well, can't you come out and marry us?' said that farmer.

"The priest said it would cost awful much money. We would have to pay his railway fare both ways, and pay another priest for taking his place.

"'See here, my children,' he told us, 'you don't have to hurry, and the whole thing is a little bit quick, anyway. Why not wait six weeks and have the wedding here in good style?'

"'I don't want to wait,' said my farmer fellow. 'How do I know but what Natalka will find another man she likes better?'"

"What's the name of the farmer?" I interrupted.

"I don't know," she replied.

I protested, and she said: "Well, I know his first name is John. Nearly all our last names end in 'ski.' His does. I've heard it once, but I forget—sounds something like 'Jokovski.'"

"All right," I made answer. "It doesn't matter much, as you say. Go on. Did you marry him?"

"Not yet. I say, yes, it's better to wait. Maybe I won't marry him. I don't know. I haven't heard anything from him since he went back, and maybe it's all off. A farmer's wife has to work pretty hard, and I've got

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to work anyway, no matter what I do. Perhaps I'd like it better without any one trying to boss me. He's a little bit like that."

"Well, you don't like shy men," I reminded her.

"That's right. I suppose you can't ever get just what you want." And then she told me about that "good sport" Scotch Andy.

Scotch Andy was a philanderer. I fear there was no doubt about that. Somewhere by the camp-fires of the Canadians he sits, and I wonder if, when they sing "Annie Laurie," he ever thinks of pretty little Ruthenian Natalka, with her straightforward frankness and her proud independence. She thinks of him, I know, though she tells me she doesn't. Why did she go to see the fortune-teller before she said she would marry the baker? For see now what the fortune-teller said: That Natalka would wed one man and love another all the days of her life; that the other loved her too, after his fashion, but he had gone to the wars, having no money to marry pretty Ruthenian waitresses.

"Will he come back, then?" said Natalka.

"No, he will die there," the priestess of fate announced. "You might as well marry the other fellow."

But in her heart she thinks he will come back; yes, even to her, although she only found out through a friend that he had gone to the front. He did not tell her—he did not say good-by.

She did not know that he had no money until he kept making excuses for not taking her to the moving-picture show. Then she came straight to the point, after her fashion: "If you are broke, say so. Do you need money? I can lend you five dollars." He did not want to take it, but he thought if he could get to Fort William there might be work. There was no use asking her to wait a year; he hadn't a red cent; he mightn't ever earn any money; he wasn't much good, anyway—but he loved her.

She refused to be engaged, but she pressed the money on him. And that was the end of the story, unless you believe the fortune-teller!

Having escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler the fate of "the other fellow, the baker," I know Natalka is thinking: "Perhaps, perhaps—when the war is over!"

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator wonders if people in general realize what serious, enlightened attention is nowadays being paid to the matter of farming. He did not realize it himself until he came into the country to live; and then the knowledge took him somewhat aback and placed him in a dilemma

His original interest in country life was not at all agricultural. He wanted a home in which he could live more quietly than in the city, where he could find time for slow reading and reflection, where he could devote himself to his pen with a sustained concentration. He found a most beautiful place—an old white house under big maple trees, with an old orchard running up a hill behind it, and with a view of meadows and mountains spread out before it. Very contentedly he moved in, established himself with his books and his pictures, and settled down to his dilemma.

It was the orchard that thrust itself in as the opposing horn to the library. As he strolled among the gnarled branches one evening, enjoying their picturesqueness, but feeling even then a vague uneasiness which he could not analyze, he was sought out by a neighbor.

"Good-evening, Mr. Spectator. I'm glad to see you looking over your orchard. It has bothered me to watch these trees going to ruin for lack of care. I've had a good deal of experience with my own orchard. Can I help you any, or lend you any tools?"

The Spectator sighed. There is something invincible about the contagion of local enthusiasm. He understood that he had caught this particular germ of interest even before his neighbor had spoken, and that he should probably now have no peace till he took his orchard in hand.

A few days later he attended a horticultural meeting in the orchard of the same energetic neighbor. He went half reluctantly, leaving a volume of Carlyle open on his study table.

He was a little late, and the yard of his

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neighbor was already crowded with vehicles. Not the traditional, old-fashioned buggies and farm-wagons. No, the Spectator was surprised to see how many automobiles were in waiting, and how bright and new were the trappings of the few horses. Had he made a mistake and come to an afternoon tea given for the summer colony?

Venturing up into the orchard, whence a low hum of voices proceeded, he found himself in the midst of a group of people that interested him even more than the challenging sight of the heavily laden trees. They were mostly farmers, but how different from the traditional "hayseed" type! Only here and there were the casual clothes and the loose-limbed slouch so dear to the heart of the caricaturist. Well-knit, well-dressed, vigorous young men stood about underneath the trees, making shrewd observations while they waited for the lecture to begin. Not a few of them betrayed the quiet, unmistakable touch of Fifth Avenue in the cut of their clothes, and the Spectator knew them for "summer residents." A good many women were present, evidently not out of idle curiosity, for they looked and listened alertly.

When the lecture began, everybody sat down in a wide circle under the trees. It was a pretty sight. The mellow autumn sunlight filtered through the crowded boughs, and the tawny hills lifted their heads round about. The orchard's owner sat modestly in the background, but he must have felt satisfaction in the testimony which his trees bore to the value of the lecturer's advice.

The Spectator is not going to repeat it all. He half wishes that he could forget it, it put in such an imperative claim on his time and attention. He has firmly resolved to forget the suggestion that he plow up his orchard and do away with the dear, friendly grass, home of flowers and butterflies, of crickets, and of the Spectator's own idly dreaming head. What was the orchard without the grass? Better food for the pocketbook, perhaps, but not for the heart or eye. Besides, the orchard in which the lecture was given was deep with grass; and surely its boughs could not have held another apple!

Fertilizing, spraying, pruning, and grafting, however, are methods against which one can advance no arguments save those of laziness or preoccupation. The Spectator felt as if he were taking a course in hospital surgery as he listened to cautions against operating on a diseased tree and then moving on to the pruning of a sound tree without disinfecting the saw. He was told that tree wounds must be closed and healed as promptly and scientifically as wounds in the human body. Again, he seemed to be assisting at a pedagogical discussion when the lecturer took up the *morale* of trees, explaining what bad habits they have and how they must be thwarted in their tendency to indulge in too many branches and leaves and neglect their fruit. Yet again, police methods were recommended in the detection and circumvention of the insidious, deadly orchard enemies that cannot be conquered but must be headed off.

In spite of himself, the Spectator grew deeply interested. He lost sight of his waiting book and desk in a mental image of his orchard trees standing silent and uncomplaining in a certain gentle, proud helplessness, while rot consumed and dead branches burdened them, while preventable disease sapped their vitality. How brave of them to do their best when nothing at all was done for them! How utterly generous of them to offer an annual treasure of fruit to their careless owner! He came home in a chastened mood, and spent the rest of the afternoon scrutinizing knot-holes, poking in cracks, taking stock of dead and superfluous branches. The next day he sent for some books on tree culture, a week later he sent for some tools; and now he is in for the thing in good earnest; he has committed himself to his orchard's regeneration.

Speaking quite honestly, the Spectator cannot say that he regrets it. Sometimes he sighs as he lays down his pen and goes in search of his saw. "Talk about the interruptions of city life!" he murmurs to himself. But, once out among the trees, under the blue sky, warmed by the sunlight, cooled by the breeze, he never fails to feel his heart lifted up within him. After all, books and trees have much in common; they complement each other admirably. Equally generous and responsive, patient and serene, the one class has the advantage of permanence, the other of malleability. It is good to turn from the finished book to the growing tree; it is interesting to bring a book-trained intelligence to bear on orchard problems. As for the resultant friendship, there is nothing more gratefully companionable in the whole non-human world.

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THE NEW BOOKS

POLICE PROBLEMS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA[1]

The police arm has long been a sore spot in municipal government in the United States. The weakness of this branch of city administration in New York has perhaps received more publicity than in lesser American cities; but the sort of rottenness exposed by the Lexow, Mazet, and Whitman investigations in the metropolis has been found often enough elsewhere to provide considerable justification for the rather widespread distrust of their own police organizations that seems to exist in American communities.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, a former Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, and the author of "European Police Systems," went to Europe to study police conditions abroad at about the time that the *exposé* which followed the Rosenthal murder in New York was providing the newspapers of America with sensational evidence of the vicious league between the police and the "underworld" of New York. Mr. Fosdick devoted almost two years to the preparation of this book, visiting the chief cities of England, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Holland, and Belgium. His method in this comprehensive work is consistently a comparison between police organization and theory on the Continent and in England. While he never attempts to draw such a comparison between Europe and America, his American readers will be inevitably stimulated to do so on their own account, and therein lies the chief value of his book.

The first sharp contrast which Mr. Fosdick noticed between police theory and practice in Great Britain and police theory and practice on the Continent lay in the fact that "in England the police are civil employees whose primary duty is the preservation of public security; on the Continent, on the other hand, and particularly in Germany and Austria, the police force is the right arm of the ruling classes, responsible to the Crown or the higher authorities rather than to the people. The police problem on the Continent is chiefly a military problem, whereas in England and Scotland it is a problem of civil administration."

Furthermore, Mr. Fosdick found that in England the police organization is compact and simple; on the Continent it is complex and intricate, often with jurisdiction over a number of matters as widely divergent as children's asylums and fire insurance agencies, which are not considered as coming within the scope of police action at all in England or in America. Moreover, Continental policemen are almost invariably taken from the army, while in England they usually come from the country districts, and seldom from the city in which they are called upon to serve. Finally, a contrast is found in the relations between the detective force and the uniformed force. On the Continent the detective force is generally controlled from Police Headquarters, while in the British Isles, as a rule, each division or district under police supervision has its own permanent detective force operating exclusively in the territory to which it is assigned. Mr. Fosdick hesitates to recommend either of these plans in preference to the other, saying that "local problems must ultimately determine the question."

It is when the author sums up the distinctive features of the European police that we are moved to draw a comparison with the police of America, to the disadvantage, alas! of the latter. To begin with, in Europe, we are told, police administration is generally a distinct profession. Rarely is a man chosen from an unrelated line of activity to fill a commissionership, and the rank and file are almost as carefully selected. In the second place, with a few exceptions, in Europe absolute disciplinary power is given to commissioners of police. They may levy fines, make reductions in rank or wages, or dismiss uniformed members of their forces, and no court, tribunal, or other external body has power to review their actions. This was the question that so agitated the public of New York City about a year ago, when an unavailing attempt was led by Mayor Mitchel to have the Commissioner's disciplinary power increased, as a condition set by Colonel Goethals precedent to his acceptance of the New York police job. Finally, to their credit be it said, Europeans do not stoop to the hypocrisy—so common in America—of calling upon the police to enforce standards of conduct which have not the general support of the public. For instance, with the gen-

[1] European Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. The Century Company, New York. $1.30.

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eral approval of the London public, in that city public houses within four miles of Charing Cross are allowed to open at certain specified hours on Sunday. And in Berlin, Mr. Fosdick was told by a high police official, it would be impossible for the entire German army to enforce a Sunday-closing law.

These conditions—the fact that the public does not ask the police to enforce impracticable laws and that responsibility is fixed in a single carefully selected individual at the head of a carefully chosen, well-trained force—Mr. Fosdick holds are responsible for the high degree of efficiency which he found in the police of Europe. Mr. Fosdick does not say—but it is impossible to read his book without feeling that he implies—that the adoption of such standards would develop a similar degree of integrity and efficiency among the police of American cities.

Barbara's Marriages. By Maude Radford Warren. Harper & Brothers, New York. $1.35.

Barbara's marriages were dangerous experiments, but innocent ignorance, infatuation, and loss led her finally to the desired happy ending. There is much to attract the novel-reader in this story of a Southern girl, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat to irritate. The attraction is felt in the evident sincerity of the author and in her ofttimes skillful handling of her material and her really clever analysis of human character. The irritation comes from her deplorably provincial view-point, and the intrusion of absolute dialect in the body of English. Why should "Here me!" be singled out as poor white talk and "right much" be regarded as admissible, while every one "stops by" and "tells good-bye"? These are charms of dialect, but not English as spoken in literature. Pray, who are the "dissenters" in America? From what state religion do they dissent? But Barbara and Stephen and Annie Bestor and the mountain-climbing in California and much more are all delightful.

Pretender (The). By Robert W. Service. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $1.35.

If one does not object to extravaganza, this story will amuse. Too great effort to startle the reader by eccentricity and improbability does not prevent the fictitious narrative from being in parts decidedly clever and original. The "hero," who has become rich as a writer of "best sellers," resolves to reform, to abandon clubs and luxury, to earn his living abroad, and to make a new reputation under a new name as a writer of really worth-while fiction. Most of the new life is spent in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and the author in a way harks back to Murger's "Vie de Bohême" in subject and manner. He certainly knows modern Paris well. One feels that the book would be much better if some of the incidents had been less absurd.

Victory. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.

This romance of the South Seas has something Stevensonian in its texture and color. The tragedy of the Swedish fatalist who learned from misfortune the theory that nothing material really matters and that idealism is better than success in life, who found love only to lose both love and life, is subtle in its psychology, but it deals more sharply with incident and action than is Mr. Conrad's wont. The villains of the story are almost inconceivably heartless, and one rejoices in their destruction. The book has power, and its narrative is vividly handled.

Bird Book (The). By Chester A. Reed. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $3.

A valuable addition to the long list of excellent nature books issued by this firm of publishers. Here we have a brief but clear description of each of many hundred North American birds, with color portraits of seven hundred birds and with large numbers of photographs of nests and eggs. The great difficulty of printing the natural colors as they are has been met with a fair degree of accuracy, although there are, as was inevitable, some exceptions. The arrangement is excellent for common use; thus we have such divisions as Perching Birds, Birds of Prey, Diving Birds, Shore Birds, Gallinaceous Birds, etc., the titles of the divisions readily giving the clue for identification.

In general appearance and convenience this is certainly a volume to be coveted by every one who wishes to pursue the delightful pastime of "learning birds."

Rediscovered Country (The). By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

The African region explored by Mr. White in 1910–11 with a small party (Mr. and Mrs. White, R. J. Cunninghame, the famous hunter, and about forty followers) was "rediscovered" in the sense that only a German military expedition had been through it long ago. No Americans or English had been there; no sportsman or unofficial traveler had explored it. It turned out to be, Mr. White thinks, "the very last virgin game field of any great size. . . . There are now no more odd corners to be looked into. . . . South Africa is finished. . . . Rhodesia and British East Africa are great game countries, but they are well known and hunted over by everybody." One can imagine Mr. White's joy at finding a new hunting field as big as British East Africa where the sound of the rifle is unknown, and which will hereafter be accessible. Naturally he had fine sport, exciting adventures with lions and other wild beasts, and

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interesting experiences with the unsophisticated natives.

The book is rich in interest easily imparted from author to reader because so genuinely felt by the former.

Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812. By Edward Foord. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.

Napoleon at Bay, 1814. By F. Loraine Petre. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

These two volumes are, we judge, intended rather for the military student than for the civilian. They give, in considerable detail, the movements of the troops in these two Napoleonic combats in a way to interpret the strategy of the opposing commanders, by pointing out both the exigencies and the defects of the respective movements of the opposing forces. Mr. Foord's book is accompanied with excellent maps and plans, so that the civilian who wishes to make an amateur study of strategy has good means for doing so. Both books are conceived in an impartial spirit and written neither with the abhorrence of Napoleon as a sort of supernatural bogey nor with the admiration for him as a heroic liberator of mankind which characterizes a large proportion of the Napoleonic literature of the last century.

Jesus: A Passion Play. By Max Ehrmann. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.

Art has never succeeded in painting a character portrait of Jesus Christ satisfactory to his followers. Literature has never succeeded in drawing a satisfactory literary portrait. The value of such books as the various lives of Christ that have been written lies not in their portraiture of the Master, but in the fact that they have made vivid the circumstances and conditions under which he lived. This is the value of the "Passion Play." It is a reverent attempt to dramatize the life of Jesus. To a considerable extent the author follows the words of the Gospel in portraying the conversations of Jesus, and in this he has done wisely. We do not accept the author's interpretation of Judas Iscariot, but it has some sanction in the views of careful students. If this book is read in the spirit in which it is written, it will help the reader to make real to his imagination the story which too often seems to him unreal.

Luca della Robbia. By Allan Marquand. Princeton University Press, Princeton. $7.50.

It is difficult to repress the enthusiasm which Professor Marquand's volume awakes. At last we have a chronological arrangement of the works of Luca della Robbia—his monuments, altar-pieces, shrines, statues, reliefs, medallions, ceilings, pavements, doors—together with their related documents and a very admirable description of each. Of the Robbia family, Luca, who died in 1482, is the best known. And yet the actual circumstances of his life are so little known that but for the declarations required concerning the Florentine income tax we should not have the few facts about his life presented by Professor Marquand. As to the exposition of Luca's art, the present volume is most satisfactory. It justly accentuates those characteristics which distinguish Luca from other sculptors—his contentment with but few figures in his reliefs, his symmetry, love of nature, religious reverence. As to materials and methods, Luca worked in marble, bronze, and terra cotta. The famous Robbia glaze, applied to terra-cotta figures, finds, of course, prominent place in this book, as it did in Miss Cruttwell's "Luca and Andrea della Robbia," published some time ago. As is fitting, Professor Marquand's volume has an exhaustive bibliography and an ample index.

Lower Amazon (The). By Algot Lange. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

In this volume the author of "In the Amazon Jungle" tells us about Lower Amazonia—that is to say, about the provinces of Pará and Amazonas. The book is a treasury of information concerning economic conditions. Agriculture is, of course, the basic industry, but the author believes that "it will require the foreigner to teach, manage, and organize. . . . The natives do not know or comprehend their own country." A particular feature of the volume is the description of Marajó Island at the mouth of the Amazon—an island about the size of Jamaica. Marajó was occupied in prehistoric times by a people whose remains of pottery show relatively advanced culture. Specimens, we would add, have been on exhibition at the Washington Irving High School, New York City.

Japanese Empire and Its Economic Conditions (The). (The Modern World Series.) By Joseph d'Autremer. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Instead of becoming less interesting, Japan is becoming more interesting every day. Those who would obtain knowledge as to political Japan will find the present volume somewhat of a disappointment. But its author, Joseph d'Autremer, Lecturer at the School of Oriental Languages, Paris, has given us an exhaustive survey of Japan's economic conditions. The work seems to have been well translated from the French, and the illustrations add much to the value and interest of the text.

Human Interest Library (The). Edited by the Right Rev. Samuel Fallows and Henry Ruwuoff. The Midland Press, Chicago. 4 vols. $13.80.

This is a popular compilation of what the editors call "vizualized knowledge." It contains a vast amount of information, written in a popular and non-technical way, about history, countries, travel, the customs of people, science and invention, the romance of current events, nature, industry, engineering, and much else. The work contains hundreds of photographs and other illustrations. Mechanically and in arrangement the work is thrown together in a

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hurried and unscientific way, but fortunately this fault is largely remedied by the careful indexing of each volume. There is no doubt that children especially would find here a source of rich information on a great variety of topics; and even if the literary quality is not always of the best, the usefulness of the work is unquestionable.

Alsace and Lorraine: From Cæsar to Kaiser, 58 B.C.–1871 A.D. By Ruth Putnam. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.25.

The present war makes this volume of peculiar interest. It is an admirably condensed but not over-vivacious historical review of a region which may again become a Middle Kingdom, as it was in the days of Charlemagne's successors. For then Alsace-Lorraine formed a part of the old Lotharingia, so called after the Emperor Lothar; and it then included Switzerland to the south and Belgium and Holland to the north. The book has a particular interest to all those who believe that Alsace-Lorraine should again become an independent state.

Mothers and Children. By Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.25.

Even if one had never enjoyed the clever writings of Mrs. Fisher before, attention would be fixed immediately by her sensible presentation of a situation too little considered. Beginning with the delicious tale of Goldsmith's discovery of Ezekiel, the author goes on to her discussion, illuminating every page with a peculiar charm, and making us share her convictions. Our only reservation is as to her rather wholesale condemnation of the "pitiably inadequate" "parental expedients" of preceding generations. Naturally progress has been made—it would be inexcusable if it had not been—but many of us now in middle age, and our parents before us, had "discovered Ezekiel" long ago, and look with amused pity upon the young parents of this day who have never heard of him. But, putting Ezekiel aside, we urge every mother to follow Mrs. Fisher in her effort to make clearer the duties and privileges of mothers and children.

Yellowstone National Park (The). By Hiram Martin Chittenden. Revised Edition. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati. $1.75.

Now that a European war is in progress Americans may be depended upon to see something more of their own country. Among its wonders the Yellowstone National Park stands prominent. General Chittenden's account of the Park is both historical and descriptive, and the latest edition, now at hand, has, of course, been brought up to date.

THE READER'S VIEW

THE MAYFLOWER "IMMIGRANTS"

Leaving on one side the main point of the discussion on "The Literacy Test and the Mayflower," I cannot help being surprised at the statements about the Mayflower immigrants as stated in the letter in the issue of The Outlook for March 10 last.

In the names given as being in the Mayflower are, among others, "the Goodrich family, the de la No's (Delano), John Carver and his secretary, Edward Winster," when, as a matter of fact, the name of Goodrich, Delano, or Winster is not found among the list of passengers, and I question whether any authority can be found for the statement that John Carver had a secretary.

Further, Bradford was not "made on landing at Plymouth Rock the first Governor of the Plymouth Colony," neither did he write a "History of the Pilgrims." His work was "Of Plimouth Plantation," and it was "Printed under the direction of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, by order of the General Court," under the title of "The Bradford History." On reference to this book, it will be seen on page 110 that Bradford says: "After this they chose, or rather confirmed, Mr John Carver (a man godly & well approved amongst them) their Governour for that year." On page 21 he says: "In this month of Aprill (1621) whilst they were bussie about their seed, their Govr (Mr John Carver) came out of ye feild very sick, it being a hott day; he complained greatly of his head, and lay downe, and within a few howers his sences failed, so as he never spake more till he dyed, which was within a few days after," and this is followed, on page 122, by the following: "Shortly after William Bradford was chosen Govr in his stead."

ALFRED L. HOLMAN.

Chicago, Illinois.

[The main point of the letter referred to was a refutation of such statements as that our ancestors were also (that is, like present immigrants, as alleged) "the scum of Europe;" and facts were given not only about the Mayflower, but about Dutch and Huguenot "immigrants." The corrections above made, even if beyond dispute, do not affect the general purport of the former letter.—THE EDITORS.]

YOU-ALL ONCE MORE

I have been much interested by the discussion of the use of "you-all" by the people of the South. I lately spent about two years in the State of Arkansas. I was not to the manner

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born. It was my first visit to the South, and I was particularly interested in studying the peculiarities of Southern speech. It seems to me that one thus new to a district will perhaps more accurately notice the peculiar uses of speech than will one who has become inured to it from childhood.

The use of "you-all" in the singular was a thing that I particularly noted. I was surprised at first, but I heard it constantly.

I had been sick, and as I got about again I was constantly met with the greetings, "Are you-all better?" "I'm glad to see you-all out once more." These expressions certainly seemed to be addressed to me alone, but it might be said that somewhere in the back part of my friends' brains the thought of my wife and children had crept in. There were many instances noted, however, where no such inclusion could have taken place. I will cite just one—a young lady, educated and to the manner born, daughter of a contractor, stepped up to one who seemed to be in charge of the laborers on her father's buildings in Little Rock and said, "Are you-all the foreman?" I fail to see how any subconscious action of her brain could have included any one but the person spoken to.

Reed City, Michigan. F. W. BATES.

INDIANS, FURS, AND GUNS

Permit me to question a statement in your issue of March 3, that "in the old days an Indian, to buy one of the trade guns, was required to pile up beaver skins until they reached from the butt to the end of the rifle barrel."

In 1654 John Pynchon, of Springfield, shipped to London more beaver skins than the Hudson's Bay Company did in the first two years of their business, 1669–1671. In the six years ending 1657 his average annual shipments were nearly half as much as the average annual shipments of the Hudson's Bay Company for ten years ending 1749, after they had been in business for eighty years.

For these beaver skins Pynchon paid the Indians from 13 to 15 shillings each. The price of a trade gun at that time is established from his accounts as 24 shillings. In other words, a gun in 1654 could be had for less than two beaver skins.

The records of the Hudson's Bay Company are very complete. They show detailed schedules of values of articles of Indian trade, from looking-glasses and combs to redcoats and guns. Three sizes of guns were handled. For the longest, which were bought at 22 shillings, twelve beaver skins were asked.

The London markets required that a beaver skin measure 864 square inches and weigh twenty-four ounces. I have no data to show how high a pile of twelve skins would be that were as light as four ounces to the square foot, but it would be only a fractional part of the height of a gun. Pynchon used to pack about two hundred skins into the fur hogshead, which was about half the height of a gun, so it is fair to assume that four hundred skins would be as high as a gun. Your statement appears to be enlarged by about the difference between twelve and four hundred.

HARRY ANDREW WRIGHT.

Springfield, Massachusetts.

OUR DUTY TO MEXICO, AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

I have just read opinions of the press in regard to Mexico in The Outlook for March 31. It seems to me that all these writers and all articles on this subject that I have read lose sight of the one great reason in favor of intervention—that is, the Monroe Doctrine. There is no doubt that but for the European war, which is giving foreign Powers all they can do at home, something would have been done in Mexico by them, or, to prevent this, we would have been forced to intervene ourselves. The Monroe Doctrine imposes a responsibility upon us in Mexico far greater and antedating many years any responsibility we might have for the Philippines, and our Administration seems to think that we owe protection and almost parental care to those people so far away. We say to other nations, "You *shall* not civilize Mexico, and we *will* not." It's a "dog in the manger" policy that is a disgrace to this Nation.

If we are not to help them, then do away with the Monroe Doctrine and let some other nation do what we are too selfish and short-sighted to accomplish. Mexico is the gem of the continent, as undeveloped as the West was in '49, with far greater wealth lying under the soil waiting for the dawn of an enlightened civilization. Every writer on this subject, even our Administration, seems to lose sight of the suffering *pacificos*. One would think, to read the papers, that *all* the people of Mexico were bandits and cutthroats; they forget the women and children who are starving just as surely as the Belgians are. But because they have no gracious queen to call upon us for relief, we let the little children *of our nearest neighbor* cry in vain. Did not one of our own Consuls say that "the Mexican children don't laugh and play any more"? And they are a joy-loving nation. In so beautiful a country, where all nature smiles, her people are crying, and our Government, which long ago constituted itself her foster-father, says to Mexico, "Fight it out among yourselves." ALICE SHEAR.

Battle Creek, Michigan.

[The Outlook, at least, has over and over again pointed out the special responsibility of the United States for Mexico under the Monroe Doctrine. We are glad to do so once more through the medium of this forceful letter.—THE EDITORS.]

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BY THE WAY

St. Louis has a traveling museum for its public schools. The exhibits are sent to the various schools by means of an automobile truck, and are used in connection with the regular courses of study. There are no freaks or curiosities among the exhibits, but there is an abundance of interesting material illustrating the life and occupations of various races; there are mounted birds and animals, mineral products, and many colored charts and lantern slides for use in helping pupils to gain a realistic knowledge of such studies as geography, astronomy, and physiology.

A suburban resident, "House and Garden" says, grew tired of the wooden clothes-line posts in his back yard; he incased them in chicken-wire netting and planted sprouts of honeysuckle around the posts; he then nailed a little bird house to the top of each. In a short time the honeysuckle had completely covered the unsightly posts, and a pair of bluebirds built a nest in one of the houses. Many of this man's neighbors took up the idea, and honeysuckle vines and bird houses now make the clothes-line posts of his locality a pride to their owners.

Among the lessons learned by the Russians in their war with Japan was the advantage of using garments made of paper; and during the past winter large quantities of paper shirts are said to have been imported from Japan and used by the Russian soldiers. These shirts constitute, it is said, a good protection against severe cold; the paper of which they are made is interlined with wadding.

Twenty-one persons were killed by automobiles in the streets of New York City during the month of March, 1915. In March of last year only two persons were killed in this way. What is to be done by cities all over the country in view of the increasing toll of death exacted by the use of the motor car? The question demands the earnest attention and co-operation of legislators, city fathers, automobile users, and the every-day pedestrians who are usually the victims of these accidents.

An electric railway company in Virginia announces that each of its conductors and motormen who have gone through the last six months without an accident will be rewarded with a new suit of clothes. This sounds well, but somehow it is discouraging to realize that even in leisurely, courteous Virginia there are so many accidents that men have to be rewarded for avoiding them.

Preaching a sermonette on the necessity for women getting into the open air in these spring days, the "Ladies' Home Journal" says: "The home can make a woman just as tired as an office or a store can make a man—perhaps a bit more. So, let us go out into the open air and breathe deeply and well—but all of us; not one of us. The fresh air has color for the cheeks of the woman as well as for the cheeks of the man and the child."

Silas Peirce & Co., Ltd., of Boston, a company which recently completed a century of existence, and was the subject of a note in this department April 14, was mistakenly referred to in that note as the "S. S. Pierce Co." A continuous business life of a hundred years certainly entitles a firm to that "honor to whom honor is due," and the correction is cheerfully made.

Referring to another paragraph in this department, a subscriber writes us that William Douglass, born in Scotland, came to this country in 1625 and settled near New London, Connecticut, where he built a house; the homestead, our informant says, has been in the possession of his descendants ever since. This would seem to surpass the record of Gardiner's Island, which has been in the possession of the Gardiner family since 1639.

A certain manager who has several hundred men under him, "Business" says, has a direct way of talking to an employee who begins to go wrong. Here is what he said to one of his men who needed a "talking to:" "'Jack,' I said, 'you're in for a good time with the X—— Street after-theater bunch, I learn. Have a good time, the best you can buy from people who rob you. You won't be stopped by executive order, you won't be discriminated against, for that. But if you bring X—— Street here, introduce the atmosphere of that locality in this office—I've no need to tell you what that means. The one's *your* business—the other *our* business.'" This talk, man to man, it is stated, set the employee to thinking and saved him from wrecking his life.

"Rider and Driver," when called to account for criticisms meant to help the cause of clean sport at horse shows and polo games, tells this story as a hint to its critics: The political editor of one of the New York dailies was accosted one day by a leading politician with this somewhat pointed question: "When are you going to stop lying about me?" "Why," was the prompt reply, "I'll stop right away. I'll go to the office at once and write the truth about you!" The leading politician almost fainted, and begged the editor, with a pious adjuration, "not to do that." The story-teller moralizes: "As the open season begins, shall we tell the truth about you and your horses, gentle reader? Answers requested."

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